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# **PENTHOUSE** **Letters**

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/JANUARY 2015

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# PENTHOUSE Letters



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# SALUTATIONS

A close-up photograph of a person's buttocks and legs. They are wearing black lace underwear with a silver buckle. A hand with light-colored nail polish is touching the buttock. Another person's face is partially visible, kissing the buttock. The background is a light blue surface.

**It's  
A  
Celebration!**





The *Letters to Penthouse* series is releasing volume 50! Coming this January, you'll be able to get your hands on one of the hottest, most sexventurous reads ever to hit bookstores (online as well)! Volume 50 will also help to commemorate a milestone as *Penthouse* itself celebrates its 50th year. Bob Guccione brought this marvel in men's entertainment to the U.S. in 1969, but as a brand *Penthouse* started across the pond in 1965. To this day *Penthouse* strives to bring its readers the most beautiful women in the world while keeping readers informed on world happenings, sports, technical gadgetry and entertainment news. Of course the dirty letters spice up the pages very nicely, too!

The January issue of *Variations* (on sale now) offers some hot and spicy spanking reads as well as anal-sex-loving lesbians! Oh, the *tails* they must have! Don't miss out!

Get your hands on the January issue of *Forum* (on sale December 12). Read the interview with fetish photographer Mia Tyler as she tells of her career experimenting with the darker side of sexuality and life. It's a must read!

Didn't I warn you things were going to get very busy around here? We aim to make good on our promise to keep bringing you the things you desire. How are we doing? Let me know by writing to me at [kcavanaugh@ffn.com](mailto:kcavanaugh@ffn.com), or mail your thoughts to: *Penthouse Letters*, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. I await your comments/suggestions, but for now, turn the page!—Kathy Cavanaugh, Senior Managing Editor



# LETTERS



## He had a rule about hitting on a coworker, but this was different

A few years ago I had a job that required me to travel to Denver on an almost weekly basis, sometimes alone, but more often with one or more of my coworkers. On these trips I soon began to be disturbed by the fact that most of the men seemed to think that any female travelling with us was fair game, and to come on to them, as though being more than 10 miles from their wives made them irresistible. So I made what I thought was a strict promise to myself never to hit on a woman I was traveling with on business. I made sure that my coworkers understood this, and I hoped it would help to modify their behavior as well.

One week in May I was scheduled to go on one of these trips with a young woman named Lorraine, who was fairly new at the company. She was a beautiful brunette, not too tall and maybe just a bit overweight, but very attractive, with a great face, great legs, great breasts and a personality and intelligence that made her a perfect traveling companion. When we met at the airport to catch our flight, I saw that she was wearing a comfortable plaid skirt, a navy blue blouse just sheer enough to reveal a black bra underneath, and a very stylish ultrasuede vest. She looked absolutely scrumptious. But I had my rule.

Our flight got us to



Denver shortly after one o'clock, so we had most of the afternoon free, as our business meetings didn't start until the following morning. To my surprise, Lorraine suggested that we pay a visit to the local race track; she was interested in horse racing, she said, and promised to teach me something about it. I hardly stopped to think before I found myself happily accepting her suggestion.

After checking in at our

hotel, we settled into our adjoining rooms. I called down for a bottle of wine and took it to Lorraine's room, where I poured us each a glass. We sat and talked as we sipped. She had removed her vest, so I had a better chance to see the enticing fullness of her bra. I had to admit to some degree of arousal.

Suddenly Lorraine stood up, raised her arms over her head and did a little pirouette as she exclaimed, "Oh,

we are going to have so much fun today! I have been so looking forward to this!"

I felt the remnants of my rule rapidly slipping away. "Look, I need to ask you something," I blurted out.

"Ask me anything," Lorraine said.

"Well, the only thing I can think of that would make today more fun would be if we were on a date instead of a business trip. What do you think about that?"

Lorraine smiled and took both my hands in hers as she replied, "You are a wonderful man, and I would be honored to be your date." Then she gave me a gentle kiss, with just a hint of tongue brushing my lips, and I was lost.

We took a taxi to the race track, and we held hands on the way. The day was indeed wonderful, and I had a terrific time. We sat in the dining area, watched the races, made bets and finally had dinner. Every time one of our horses won we would kiss, and the kisses gradually became more passionate. When we got back to the hotel she unlocked her door and pulled me inside.

In her room I poured us some more wine, unsure of how far this was going. "Listen," Lorraine said then. "I have to tell you something." She sat next to me on the bed and took a breath. "Okay," she said then. "I know you have a rule against hitting on travel partners, and I would not ordinarily try to seduce a man I work with. But this is



different. The fact is, I asked to be assigned to go with you on this trip, and it took some doing. You see, I'm about to get engaged to the man I've been dating. So this is my last time as a free woman, and I wanted to enjoy it with you. I wanted us both to enjoy it."

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I said nothing. But my excitement must have been evident. Lorraine leaned forward and kissed me, then said, "I just have one request. I want to be completely in charge for the next hour. I want you to do everything I ask, with no questions. Okay?" I could only nod. She stood up then, said, "Please take off my pantyhose. They're getting uncomfortable."

I ran my hands up the back of her legs, stopping briefly to tickle her behind her knees, and again just below her ass. Then I gently rolled down the pantyhose, caressing her legs in the process, and pulled them off her feet.

She then asked me to scoot forward on the edge of the bed. As I did so she lifted her skirt and straddled me, her pussy lying right on top of my hardening prick, and we kissed. "Please take off my bra," she said then, a little breathlessly. "But leave my blouse on."

I slowly undid her blouse buttons, letting my fingers brush her bosom as I did so. I reached around her, beneath the blouse, and unhooked her bra in the back. I then had her slide her arm out of one sleeve,

eased the straps off her shoulders, then slid the bra down through the other sleeve and tossed it in the corner. Then I buttoned her up again.

The next thing she told me was to sit on my hands

and I could see that she was impressed. She then sat me down again and made a dance of taking off her remaining clothes. My eyes must have bugged out as I stared raptly at her engorged nipples and her

drove inside her, and soon we were both in the throes of orgasm.

After a few moments we settled into a spoon position and fell asleep. The sunlight was peeking through the curtain when I awoke



so I would not be tempted to touch her. She then spent the next 10 minutes kissing me madly, using lots of tongue, and repeatedly rubbing her breasts against my face and chest. I just loved the feel of the sheer material of her blouse rubbing against my nipples.

After a while she stood up and pulled me to my feet. Then she began to undress me, starting from the bottom up. My penis was incredibly hard by then,

deliciously shapely legs.

Finally we lay down and started caressing each other. I slid down to suck on her breasts, and my fingers found her soaking slit, making her squirm and moan. I moved further down, my lips and tongue finding her stiff clitoris, and after a few minutes she came noisily.

When she calmed down I slid a pillow under my butt and stuck my throbbing penis inside her. Her hips moved to my rhythm as I

beside this beautiful naked woman. I caressed her breasts and watched her begin to stir, then ran my hand down her leg to that lovely pussy, gently inserting one finger, then another. She awoke with a moan of pleasure and immediately moved to make it easier for me. With my thumb on her clit, I continued to play gently, and soon was rewarded with another noisy orgasm.

"I want to give you a blowjob," she whispered



# PENTHOUSE Letters



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then, and she did. We continued to play with each other until it was time to get up and get on with our day.

Lorraine did get engaged to her boyfriend, and eventually married him, and we never did have another date. But I still think of her often.—J.L., *Des Moines, Iowa*

## He was a fan of really big tits, and the new baby sitter fit the bill

I had been divorced for a couple of months, and had just moved into a new neighborhood. My young son was living with my ex-wife, but I got to have him with me on weekends. Usually I devoted all my weekend time to being with him, but on this particular Friday night some of my friends were having a special anniversary party which I really couldn't miss. Which meant I had to hurry up and find a baby sitter.

I didn't really know anybody in the neighborhood, but I asked around a little, and finally found a neighbor woman who told me that she and her husband used a college girl named Eva, who was very nice and reliable. She gave me Eva's phone number, and I called her up and talked to her. She sounded cool enough, and I was intrigued when she told me she was a cheerleader for the college football team. Since my divorce I hadn't gotten any sex, and a young cheerleader sounded appealing. But I quickly put that

thought out of my mind, and made arrangements with Eva to come over on Friday evening to sit with my son.

When I arrived home after picking up my son at my ex-wife's house on Friday, I noticed that the house was unusually cold. It turned out I was out of oil, and when I called the oil company they told me they wouldn't be able to fix it until the next day. I could only hope that the cold wouldn't deter Eva from sitting with my son, because I really wanted to go to this party.

Eva arrived right on time. I heard her car pull up, and looked out the window to see her getting out of it. She had on a pair of jeans and an oversized, loose-fitting T-shirt. My first thought was that she was going to be cold in that outfit. My second thought, as she approached the front door, was that she was hot! And my third thought—or maybe, to be honest, it was actually my first—was that her tits were huge! I mean, huge! Even in the oversized T-shirt, I could tell she was ridiculously endowed, and I couldn't hold back the sudden surge of lust in my loins.

I met her at the front door, and we greeted each other. She had long brown hair, pretty brown eyes and, as I mentioned, a really serious rack. I introduced her to my son, and we talked awhile. She seemed friendly and competent, and my son seemed to like her, so I figured everything was okay.

I was so distracted by



Eva's tits that I almost forgot to tell her about the heating problem until I was about to leave. She said she had noticed the house was a little cold, but she was sure she would be all right.

"Look," I said then. "If you get too cold, I've got a bunch of sweaters up in my bedroom closet. Feel free to borrow one or two, okay?" Eva thanked me and said she just might take me up on that, and on that note I departed.

On the way to the party I found myself thinking about Eva and about what she could do to one of my sweaters. I hoped it would get a bit chilly that night, so that I might see her in one of them when I got home. The fact is that a big-busted girl in a tight sweater is one of my biggest turn-ons.

I was still dwelling on that thought when something less pleasant dawned on me. Holy shit! Since I'd moved into my new place, I had been keeping my collection of adult magazines in the same closet where I keep my sweaters! If Eva began to poke around in there, she was almost sure to find my magazines, and then what? Would she think I was some kind of a perv? She might be really turned off, I thought, and for sure she would find out about my special thing for big tits. Maybe she would think I had set her up to put on one of my sweaters, which I really hadn't done. Not purposefully, anyway.

I was largely distracted during the party, and I left

as early as I could. When I got home I opened the front door with a lump in my throat, and within a minute I also had a lump in my pants. Eva was sitting in front of the television, watching a movie, and sure enough, she was wearing one of my sweaters, a blue woolen pullover, which never stood a chance against her chest. I saw that she had taken off her T-shirt, which she had folded up and placed on a table next to the couch. So



she was wearing only the sweater and, I presumed, her bra. The fabric of the sweater clung so tightly to her tits that it looked like the material might just burst apart with the strain.

She smiled at me as I came in. "Your son is awesome!" she said. "We played all night, and I just

"She had taken off her T-shirt. The fabric of the sweater clung so tightly to her tits that it looked like the material might burst apart with the strain"



# LETTERS

put him to bed an hour ago. This movie is almost over, you want to sit and watch it with me?"

"Sure," I said. "Just give me a second to check on the kid." With that I raced upstairs and, after a quick look in at my son, went to check my bedroom closet. Everything seemed to be in place, but when I looked more closely I was pretty sure that some of the magazines were not in the same order in which I had left them. Shit, I thought. I was almost sure Eva had looked through them, and now I didn't know what to do. But of course I could do nothing but go back down and let it play out.

When I got downstairs Eva told me the movie had just ended. We made some small talk, and I gave her her babysitting money. She thanked me, and then said, "Oh yeah, as you can see, I did borrow one of your sweaters." She smiled as she thrust her chest out at me, adding, "It really seems to be getting the job done."

At that point I wasn't sure if she was referring to the sweater's success in keeping her warm, or to its effect on what then must have been the obvious bulge in my pants. But I soon found out.

"I'll give it back to you now," she said. Still sitting on the sofa, she quickly reached down for the hem of the sweater and, without hesitation, pulled it up over her head and held it out to me.

For a moment I was too

stunned to move—not only by her action, but by the surprising revelation that she hadn't been wearing a bra after all! Those tits didn't need one; big as they were, they still stood high and firm, jutting out from her chest like twin prows, the nipples hard and pointing. Needless to say, I couldn't take my eyes off them.

When I made no move to take the sweater, she smiled again and dropped it on the table. "Do you like what you see?" she asked me. "I thought you might, the way you've been staring at them. And I saw the magazines in your closet, so I know you like big tits. You can play with them if you want."

Damn, I love these modern college girls! Still in a half daze, I moved closer to where she sat, and she spread her legs to let me stand between them. I reached for her tits and put my hands on them, squeezing them gently, then slid my hands all over their surface, my fingers tweaking her nipples. Eva gave a pleased little moan as I manipulated her lavish jugs, and after a moment her hands moved to my crotch and began to undo my trousers. I heard the sound of my zipper opening, and a minute later she was pushing my pants down, along with my shorts.

My cock, of course, was hard as hell by then, and I knew just what I wanted to do with it. Leaning forward, I pressed it against one of her tits and moved it all over that outsized mound, then





did the same with the other one. Finally I nestled my throbbing dick into the valley between her boobs, and her hands came up to press them together, completely enclosing my happy hard-on in a tunnel of fabulous tit flesh.

I fucked those tits then, hunching back and forth as I slid my cock up and down in that scrumptious valley. The feeling was incredible. Eva was making purring noises. She bent her head, trying to catch the tip of my dick in her mouth as I stroked upward; but her boobs were so fleshily abundant that there was not enough dick for her to get hold of. She finally released her tits and did take me into her mouth, sucking me deep, as I groaned with a mixture of disappointment and a new kind of pleasure.

Eva's talented mouth soon had me on the verge of climax. But this lovely girl knew what I really wanted; just in time, she pulled her mouth off me and aimed my dick at her chest, and then I was shooting gobs and gobs of sticky white jism all over those magnificent boobs. It was a sight I will never forget.

Eva kissed me then, and went into the bathroom to clean up. When she returned she started to put her top back on, but I stopped her. "Why don't you wear the sweater home instead?" I suggested. "It'll be warmer, and then you can come over tomorrow night and give it back to me again."



She smiled. "Great idea," she replied. "And if your house is warmer then, I just might take my jeans off as well, and who knows what might happen?"

The next night we found out, but that's a different story.—*Name and address withheld*

**She was his friend's very sexy ex-wife, and she was hot to trot**

About six months ago I was drinking at a bar near my apartment when I ran into Peg, the recently divorced wife of a good friend of mine. Peg was a pretty little redhead with a slender but sensuous body. She and I had flirted outrageously with each other while she was married, but nothing much had ever come of it, even

though we both knew we wanted one another.

We chatted for a while, mostly making small talk, but I could tell that the old spark was still there. Peg stood very close to me, and brushed her thigh against mine as often as she could. She was wearing a tight black tank top held up by thin spaghetti straps. Her pert little breasts were pressing against the fabric, and I could tell that her nip-

ples were hardening as our legs rubbed together.

"Are you interested in picking up where we left off?" she whispered at one point. When I said nothing, she slid her thigh across my crotch, where my hard cock was tenting my slacks. "It feels like somebody is," she murmured.

I wanted her badly, but I was worried about being disloyal to my friend, even though they were now

**"I fucked those tits then, hunching back and forth as I slid my cock up and down in that scrumptious valley. The feeling was incredible"**





“She let out a low moan as she felt my hard cock pressing against her thigh. ‘Oh God, that feels great!’ she panted. ‘And so big!’”

up now. Meet me there in fifteen minutes, okay?” With that she gave me a soft kiss and left.

After a few minutes I paid the bill and headed to my car, my heart racing and my cock ragingly hard. It was after 11 o'clock; all the stores in the shopping center were closed, and the parking lot was almost empty. I spotted Peg's small sports car parked in a far corner of the lot, and drove up to it. It was empty, but as I got out of my own car I heard the sound of footsteps, and I looked around to see her approaching.

It was quite a sight. The lights of the parking lot made her red hair seem to shine, and put a sexy glitter into her gorgeous green eyes. Her tight top showed every curve of her breasts, which quivered as she walked, her nipples pushing against the light fabric, dancing with every step. Her skirt reached only to mid-thigh, showing off most of her long, gorgeous legs, their shapeliness enhanced by her sexy high heels.

She smiled warmly into my eyes as she came right up to me and embraced me, then pulled my head toward hers and kissed me deeply, slipping her tongue into my mouth. When we broke the kiss she held me tightly. “I have wanted this for so long,” she whispered. “Kiss me again.” And I did.

Kissing her felt amazing, as our tongues worked so well together. My hands ran down her back and onto her ass, pulling her closer to

me. She smelled incredibly good, and my hard-on was growing by the second. She slipped a leg between mine and let out a low moan as she felt my hard cock pressing against her thigh. “Oh God, that feels great!” she panted. “And so big!”

Our kissing and groping continued, until at one point I wrapped my arms around her and picked her up off the ground. She wrapped her legs around me, and seconds later I was pushing her against her car.

“Wait!” she gasped out then. “Wait, Sam! We can't do it right here in the parking lot! Let's—let's go someplace . . .”

I thought of my apartment, but I remembered that there was a hotel just down the road that was even closer. We left her car where it was and got into mine. In the front seat she reached over to feel my hard-on. “I can't wait for that,” she purred. Then suddenly we were kissing again, and groping each other wildly. I slipped the straps of her top off her shoulders and began to tease her erect nipples. Peg undid my fly and freed my cock, now a hard eight inches, then bent over to take it into her mouth. It was with great self-control that I finally managed to start the car and head off to the hotel.

It seemed to take forever for the desk clerk to check us in, after which we hurried up to our room. As we reached the door, Peg pulled me to her and kissed

divorced. “It's getting late,” I mumbled nervously.

“We have all night,” Peg replied, her mouth close to my ear. She gave it a soft kiss, then briefly slipped her tongue inside it. “We should be discreet, though,” she said then. “Listen, there's a shopping center a couple of blocks away, it'll be closed





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# Letters

me again. There was nothing in the world I wanted more at that moment than to fuck this woman.

The door shut behind us, and I locked it and turned on the lights. The first thing I noticed was a large mirror over the dresser. I led Peg over to it, looking at our reflections as I stood behind her. I kissed her neck softly, and she angled her head to the right to give me better access. "I love that," she whispered.

My hands slid up her stomach, over her top, and I began to tweak her nipples with my fingers. They responded to my touch, growing rock-hard, and her body melted back against me as she began to moan softly. I slipped my hands under her shirt and bra to fondle her bare breasts, and a minute later she reached down and lifted the shirt over her head and off.

We continued to watch in the mirror as I squeezed and massaged her breasts. Peg was now moaning audibly and working her ass against me, rubbing my erect cock. I stopped fondling her tits to undo the catch of her bra, and she slid the straps off her shoulders and tossed it onto the dresser in front of us.

"Oh, Peg!" I said to her as I slid my hands back to her tits. "Your breasts are so beautiful!"

My cock grew even harder as I continued to play with her mammaries. I kissed her neck and shoulders, nibbling and sucking as she continued to moan

and squirm. I squeezed her nipples gently, and she moaned for me to do it harder. The bulge of my rigid cock pressed firmly into the crack of her ass as she twisted against me to

Peg was clearly aroused; her juices had moistened the insides of her thighs. I reached around and spread her labia, baring the pinkness inside her. Her knees began to give way as I

threatened to give way. "Sam, please don't stop!" she cried. "This feels so good right now!"

My fingers found her clit and continued to work over her pussy. Peg sagged



further increase my arousal.

Peg's moans, gasps and sighs grew gradually louder and more frantic as I continued to kiss her and feel her breasts. My hands now slid down and lifted her short skirt, and we watched in the mirror as it rose to expose her crotch, stunning me with the realization that she was not wearing panties! A small patch of red pubic curls enhanced her beautiful pussy lips, now swollen with excitement.

slipped two fingers into her slit, searching for her clit. "Oh God, don't stop!" she cried out.

With my fingers moist from her juices, I raised one hand to her lips. "Taste your arousal, Peg," I said, and she whimpered with passion as she took my finger into her mouth.

"Oh, God; I'm going to come!" she wailed, and I felt her begin to shudder as an orgasm overtook her. I held onto her as her legs

back against me, her eyes closed as her orgasm wracked her body. I stood behind her, still fully clothed, my fingers buried in her spasming slit.

As she began to recover, Peg leaned forward and bent over the dresser. Supporting herself against it with one hand, she reached back with the other and pulled her skirt up to her waist, exposing her gorgeous ass. As she did this I pulled off my shirt and



undid my pants, letting them hit the floor.

Peg remained in the same position, but bent over a bit further, lining her pussy up perfectly with my cock. She knew exactly what she was doing. She reached back and found my erection with her hand, pulling me closer so that she could slide her pussy lips back and forth over my straining member. She wouldn't let me penetrate her, but used my cock to stimulate her clit, until her breathing became ragged and another orgasm washed over her.

As her second climax subsided I moved forward, sliding my cock into her now soaked pussy. She let out a loud moan and closed her eyes, begging for more without a single word. Her back began to arch, moving up and down as she worked her pussy over my cock. Her hands clutched the back of my legs, keeping me close and inside her as her hips moved back and forth.

"Oh God, Sam, this feels so good!" she wailed. "Why did we wait so long?" She began to pick up the pace, and I could feel her pussy walls clamping onto my cock. I wasn't going to last much longer. "Come with me!" Peg cried. Her legs began to shake; I could feel her juices flowing, soaking the inside of my thighs. "Oh! God! I'm going to come!" she shouted. "Ohh! Come inside me, Sam!" I couldn't hold back anymore, and suddenly my

orgasm hit me, jet after jet of jism filling Peg's pussy. "Oh, God, yesss!!" she cried, and slumped onto the dresser.

It took a few minutes for us to recover our breath, but finally Peg slowly straightened up, and I turned her around to face me. Her hair was plastered against her sweaty forehead, her eyes still closed in lust. As she slowly opened them, she pulled me to her and kissed me deeply, her warm body pressed against mine. I kissed my way down her neck to her chest and brought my mouth to her nipples, sucking on each one in turn, then kissed and licked the valley between her breasts. Meanwhile her hands were stroking my dick back to life.

I continued down to her pussy, kissing my way over her stomach, then got onto my knees on the floor, looking up at her lustful eyes as I reached her crotch and began to lick her clit. I could taste my juices mixed with hers, and the flavor was exquisite. Her body quivered with each swipe of my tongue, and she spread her feet apart as far as she could to give me better access. I moistened a finger in her juices and slipped it slowly up her asshole. She groaned with passion and placed both hands on the back of my head, forcing me tighter against her pussy and making it difficult to breathe. I felt her legs wrap around my head as she supported herself



"Her body quivered with each swipe of my tongue, and she spread her feet apart as far as she could to give me better access"





against the dresser, her heels digging into my back.

"Fuck me again!" she cried out then. "Fuck me, Sam, and this time do it like you fucking mean it!"

I stood up then and moved her to the bed, laying her down on her back, her legs spread wide and her feet in the air. Her pussy was still flowing, my come and her juices spilling out onto the bed. My cock was again hard and throbbing, and she guided the head of it to her opening as I moved up to her. "Please, fuck me!" she cried again.

With the head of my straining dick between her drooling pussy lips, I slid into her clutching vagina with one hard thrust. "That's it!" Peg screamed. "Now fuck me good!"

I was only too happy to oblige, and in a moment my cock was pistoning smoothly and rhythmically in and out of her pussy. Peg wrapped her legs around my hips and pulled me deep inside her with each stroke. "Oh yes, Sam, I've wanted you for so long!" she whimpered. "Please don't stop!" Her lovely tits bounced in rhythm with my

thrusts as I moved harder inside her, and the sight was highly erotic.

A deep guttural moan emerged from Peg's throat as she began to approach orgasm. As I felt her tensing up I slowed down a bit, not wanting to come before she did. As she arched her body I leaned forward to lick her nipples and suckle on her breasts. "Oh Sam, mark me!" she gasped out. "I want to remember making love to you!" And with that I sucked harder, leaving a hickey the size of a silver dollar on the underside of each of her tits.

"Oh God, I'm . . . going to . . . come!" she cried, wrapping her arms around me and pulling me against her. I felt her pussy walls tighten, then begin to pulsate around my cock. A moment later I felt her gush as her climax overcame her.

I stopped moving, but kept my still hard cock inside her as she came down from her orgasm. I was more than ready to fuck her some more, but to my surprise she pulled away, causing me to slide out of her dripping pussy. She then slid down in the bed until her head was level with my crotch, her face just inches from my cock, now throbbing with anticipation.

"I want to do this for you," she murmured, taking my cock between her lips. I didn't say anything, just put one hand on the back of her head as she sucked me deep into her mouth, her tongue licking at my shaft. Then she proceeded to give

me the best blowjob I'd ever had. I loved the feeling of her working over my cock, sliding it in and out of her mouth, her tongue moving, little moaning sounds coming from her throat. Every so often she would stop and look up at me, stroking my dick and asking me if it was good for me. Damn, it was fucking great!

"I want you to come in my mouth," she said finally. "I know you want to. Come for me, baby."

Having already come once, it was taking me longer to get there a second time. Besides, the feeling was so incredible that I didn't want it to end. But Peg kept urging me to come and taking me ever deeper into her throat, until finally I couldn't contain my load any longer, and I cried out as shot after shot of hot sticky come burst from the head of my dick. Peg reached around me and pulled me even further into her mouth, taking my entire load down her gulping throat.

The two of us were married three months later.—  
*S.G., Troy, New York*

We always say it's better to be chased than to be chaste. If you've had an experience you think will turn fellow readers on (and maybe inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own!), write a letter and send it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)

"I stopped moving, but kept my hard cock inside her as she came down from her orgasm. I was more than ready to fuck her some more"





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# LETTERS



## She was three times his age, but he could teach her a few things

I am a 55-year-old widow with a fairly active lifestyle. My son Philip has been married three times, and has several stepchildren. His second wife had a son named Ellis by a previous marriage, and when she and Philip divorced a few years ago, I lost contact with both her and her son, who was then 18. Not long ago, however, Ellis called me to say that he had just gotten a job in my area, and to ask if he could stay with me while he looked for a place to live. Since I had a big house and had lived alone since my husband died three years ago, I said okay.

Within two weeks of his arrival, Ellis began paying me some rather startling compliments, and making some subtle remarks that might have been interpreted as passes. I was quite surprised, as I was three times his age, and not exactly a great beauty. One night at dinner he even made the comment that I was still a very attractive woman, and that I should definitely find myself a lover. He then added that he would be glad to play the part.

I was truly shocked, and couldn't believe that he was serious. I told him as sternly as I could that he mustn't say things like that. His reaction was to reach across the table and try to grab my large, slightly sagging breasts. He grinned

mischievously as I swatted his hand away, but I was so upset that I got up and went into the living room, blushing deeply. My heart was beating like mad, and I was troubled and confused, largely because I also found myself aroused.

Ellis followed me into the living room, and suddenly I felt his arms go around me from behind. He kissed my neck as his hands cupped my breasts and he ground his body into mine. I moaned and whimpered, struggling weakly, but not very hard. Then he turned me to face him, and we stared at each other for a few minutes, not saying a word. My heavy breathing was the only sound in the room—until he began to tear off my clothes.

I didn't fight him, but I didn't help either. I just

stood there letting him do as he wished. He handled me like a rag doll, and I could hear my buttons popping off as he stripped my garments away. His hands traveled over me, and I trembled. He tore off my bra, releasing my large breasts, then feasted on each nipple, sucking and biting on them until I cried out. A searching hand went between my legs to rub my panty-covered crotch, which was now very wet, and then he literally ripped my panties off and threw them across the room.

The next thing I knew Ellis had me on the sofa with my legs spread as he got on top of me. I don't know how he'd gotten his pants off, but he had. I felt his hard penis brush against my inner thigh a split second before he slammed into

me and began fucking me savagely. I screamed out with each vicious thrust, my cries a mixture of shock and passion as he pounded at me with all his youthful strength.

My big blue-veined boobs wobbled heavily with each lunge as I felt my entire body being rocked and jolted by his furious fucking. The flesh of my thighs jiggled and my feet kicked up again and again as his hot throbbing organ plunged unceasingly in and out of my body. It seemed to be terribly hard, and much bigger than any penis I'd ever had before. I felt the head of it jamming against my cervix with each stroke, and it actually felt as though it was going to split me in two. I felt my body spiraling uncontrollably into orgasm, and then I was jerking and





convulsing with the strongest climax I could remember having.

I was still moaning in ecstasy when I heard him grunt, then snort softly as his big organ twitched and jumped inside me. I felt the warm wetness of his spurt-jism deep in my belly. He seemed to come for a long time, and I felt some of it running back out of me while he was still in my pussy. When he rolled off me I got weakly to my feet, still in a state of mild disbelief, and limped to the bathroom, his sperm still coming out of me, running down my inner thighs and dripping onto the floor.

I was still cleaning up in the bathroom when Ellis burst in, and I could see that his penis was already hard again. I couldn't move or speak as he grabbed my hand and practically dragged me to his room, where he pushed me onto the bed and quickly got on me again. Within seconds he was driving into me once more, with such savage force that the bed nearly cracked the wall. He took me that way, and in several other ways, for the next few hours, bringing me to climax after climax, until we were both so exhausted we could barely move.

I slept late the next morning and was sore and swollen for much of the day. But by the time Ellis came home that night I was more than ready for him. He found me in the kitchen and took me without a word as I bent over the kitchen table. His

fucking was again hard, deep and savage. I soon came to the conclusion that he always fucked that way, so different from my late husband, and so arousing to me that I found myself craving it more and more.

Ellis is still looking for his own place, but he does not seem to be in any special hurry about it. And God knows, neither am I.—  
*Name and address withheld*

### She'd always been the dominant one, but this man changed all that

I am a 25-year-old married woman, with brown eyes, long brown hair and a 36A-24-32 body. I was brought up in a sheltered environment by parents who spoiled me and indulged my every whim. As a result, I always felt myself to be the dominant person in any relationship I was in.

This was true even after I got married, although due to my sheltered upbringing, my knowledge of sex was limited. My husband Joe's was not much better, and throughout my marriage the only way I could achieve orgasm was by my own hand. But that all changed last month, when we received an unexpected visit from my husband's childhood friend Josh.

Josh was a large black man who had moved out of town before Joe and I had met, but was now moving back to stay. He was six feet three and 200 pounds of solid ebony muscle, and although I didn't find him



particularly handsome, I did feel a moment of strangely exciting animalistic attraction that sent a shiver up my spine as my husband introduced us.

We spent a pleasant evening as the two of them drank and hashed over old times, and by midnight my husband was passed out on the couch. I could see that Josh was in no condition to drive by then, so I invited him to stay overnight, and showed him to our

guest bedroom. I then went off to take a shower.

I can only think that Josh must have picked up on my inadvertent attraction to him, for when I came out of the bathroom, wearing only my robe, he was standing by the guest room door, as though waiting for me. As I passed him on my way to my bedroom, he grabbed me and turned me around. As he did so my robe flew open, and my naked body pressed tightly against him.



As I looked up in surprise, he bent down and kissed me so deeply that he drew the very breath from my lungs. I felt my reserve fading away, and without thought my tongue found his and I returned his kiss with vigor. I could feel his hard cock pressing against my stomach as he lowered his head and began roughly sucking and nibbling at my breasts. His large hands, hard and calloused from working construction all his life, sent chills coursing through me as they roamed my body. Fucking a black man had always been a favorite masturbation fantasy for me, but I had never dreamed it could actually happen.

"Tell me you want this dick!" Josh demanded, in a tone that sent shivers up my spine.

My own voice seemed to be coming from someone else as I replied, "I do. I want your black dick!"

I didn't resist when he slid the robe from my shoulders, and when he ordered me to take off his pants, I obediently did that as well. His cock was unbelievably thick and at least nine inches in length, and I could only stare at it in awe as it jerked up and down as if with a life of its own.

"Nice one, huh, baby?" Josh gritted, and I nodded my head, a little whimper coming from my throat. He then pressed me down onto my knees and told me to kiss it a little.

Now I know this is going to sound strange, but this

was uncharted territory for me. In my entire life I had never sucked a cock, not even my husband's. But the tone of his voice, and the perverse thing he was ordering me to do, turned me on, and I found myself with an uncontrollable urge to taste him.

Slowly I bent forward and gingerly pressed my lips to the underside of his ebony pole. Then I stuck out my tongue and licked all around its wide mushroom-shaped head, finding the hot feel of it and its salty flavor definitely to my liking. Clear fluid began leaking from the tip, and I licked it into my mouth and swirled it around my taste buds. It had a walnut-like flavor that I also found appealing.

Back in college, a couple of my girlfriends had told

me how hot it was to suck a guy off, but I had thought they were crazy. Now I was really finding out what they were talking about, and at that moment I knew this was something that I would be doing a lot of in the future.

Josh now put his hands on my head and began fucking my mouth. He moved gently, being careful not to gag me with his dick, but its hot rubbery girth was stretching my mouth as wide as it could be stretched.

"You want me to come in your mouth, don't you, baby girl?" he said hoarsely.

"Well, big Josh is almost there, baby, so don't waste it now. Here it is, baby, it's all for you. Take it now!" He grunted loudly then as a heavy blast of semen filled my mouth. I instinctively

swallowed it down, just in time for it to be replaced by another thick mouthful. In my erotic excitement an orgasm shook my body as I continued to swallow his ejaculate as quickly as it came.

"That's it, baby," Josh husked. "Treat that dick real good, 'cause it's going to give you the best fucking you've ever had!" I continued to suck hungrily on his shiny black cock, squeezing out as much of his sperm as I could, even after he stopped spurting.

My legs were like rubber bands from the aftereffects of my orgasm as Josh helped me to the bed and lay me down on it. He then began looking through some of the drawers in the dressing table. I didn't understand what he was





doing, until he came up with several pairs of stockings, with which he proceeded to tie me to the bed, my hands lashed to the headboard and my legs spread apart and tied securely to the bottom. He then climbed over me in a 69 position and buried his face in my dripping vagina. His dick was pressed against my face, and his heavy balls tickled my nose. His tongue was magical, and as my body responded to it, I took his cock back into my mouth and sucked it lovingly.

"My balls, girl, suck my balls!" he demanded. I let his cock slip from my lips and experimentally licked up and down his scrotum. His balls were huge and heavy, but I managed to take one of them into my mouth. I spun my tongue all around it as if I were polishing it, then gently tugged on it before allowing it to escape my lips.

The musky smell of his genitals was unbelievably arousing, and the mere thought of the supposedly depraved act I was committing, along with his roaming tongue, catapulted me into another convulsive orgasm. I was still coming as he moved down and placed his ass right over my mouth, and in my spasming ecstasy I licked eagerly from the back of his scrotum to the top of his ass crack.

"That's it, sugar, lick my ass, baby!" he groaned as my tongue slithered into his anal opening. He then lifted me by my hips and began

licking and sucking on my anus as well, jabbing his tongue deeply into my vaginal rectum. It felt so good that I nearly came again.

Finally, after a thorough anal reaming, he turned around on the bed and mounted me. "You belong to me tonight, don't you, mama?" he demanded.

I pulled instinctively at the stockings restraining my wrists and ankles, and my helplessness sent all kinds of thrills through my whole being. "Yes!" I moaned. "Yes, I do belong to you, yes!"

His cock slid into me then, stretching me wider than I had ever been stretched before. "Damn, this little bald pussy is tight!" he grunted as he slowly fucked in and out of me until he was buried completely in my pussy. I felt so full I almost thought I would burst. His cock was touching places and stimulating nerve endings I didn't even know I had.

His strokes became deeper as he began to move fluidly inside me, his big heavy balls slapping loudly against my ass cheeks with each stroke. "Yeah, you like being my bitch, don't you, baby?" he growled as he began pounding harder, as if he were trying to hammer me into the bed. I screamed with delight as I experienced one orgasm after another, until it felt as though I was coming almost continuously. The feel of him roughly sucking and biting my breasts was wildly



exciting, and only added to my pleasure.

Suddenly he buried himself completely into my womb as his cock began to spasm and jerk, and I felt the heat of his sperm as it coated my insides. When he finished spurting and pulled out of me, I could feel his semen seeping out of my dilated vagina and trickling down over my ass.

Josh then untied me from the bedposts and ordered me to suck his dick. I took his semi-hard cock in my

mouth and sucked on it lovingly, licking off the frothy mixture of our juices.

Soon he was fully erect again, and he ordered me to get up on my hands and knees. I had heard of this position, but had never tried it. It felt really hot when he rested his dick in the crack of my ass and began sliding it up and down. But I wanted to feel him inside me again. "Please fuck me!" I heard myself moan.

"That's what I wanted to hear, baby," Josh growled,





**“He grunted as a thick glob of come filled my mouth, and I swallowed it down as he spurted the remainder of his jism all over my face”**

and with that he brought his cockhead to my dripping pussy and jammed his thick black tool inside me again. Soon his big balls were slapping rhythmically against my clitoris as he moved in and out, driving me crazy with pleasure, until I came once more.

Just as my orgasm was

subsiding, he pulled out and ordered me to turn around. “I think you might want another bellyful of this,” he panted. “Am I right, baby?” With an eager moan I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue as he stroked his cock. “Ahhhh fuck!” he grunted as a thick glob of come filled my mouth, and I swallowed it down as he spurted the remainder of his jism all over my face. When he was done I happily cleaned his beautiful dick off with my lips and tongue, while telling him how much I loved the taste of his spunk.

With my face still covered with sperm, I slipped on my robe and quietly checked to make sure my husband was still where we had left him. After that Josh followed me into the shower and gave me another glorious fuck, this time standing up. He then went back to the guest room, while I made my way on wobbly legs to my marriage bed. I had never felt so totally satisfied in my entire life.

Josh did indeed move back to town, and now I go over to his apartment at least three times a week, and sometimes he comes to our place while my husband is at work. He has made me his totally submissive lover, and it thrills me to the core when he calls me his bitch. My husband has no idea what has been going on, but he says I am much more pleasant to be around lately. So I figure it’s a plus for everybody.—S.J., Boston, Massachusetts

### She exposes her innocent friend to her two not-so-innocent lovers

I was a virgin when I got married, and for 15 years I was a faithful wife, until one night I was out with some friends and somehow allowed myself to get picked up by two well built, good-looking young men. Henry and Strephon were brothers in their late 20s, and they introduced me to a kind of sexual pleasure I had never even dreamed about. Since then they have been fucking me every chance they get, and I have been enjoying their big fat 10-inch dicks. They fill all my holes, and I have come to love fucking and sucking their hard cocks and swallowing large amounts of tasty come.

Last month my friend Alice came to spend two weeks with me while our husbands were off fishing. I knew that, like me, Alice had been a virgin before marrying, and I was pretty sure her husband did not know how to really satisfy her. So I decided to introduce her to my rugged friends. When I told them I had a friend who needed to experience some really hot sex and some really big dicks, they were only too happy to oblige.

Like me, Alice is a petite blonde in her mid-30s, and I couldn’t wait to see her reaction when she got her first ride on one of those monster dicks. On the first night of her visit I took her to a club where I knew the



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brothers would be waiting. I introduced her to them and told her they were good guys. After a few drinks and a few dances, she was having a good time. When the guys would slow-dance with her, I could see that their hard dicks were pushing up against Alice's pussy. Her face was getting red, and I recalled how my pussy had been on fire when they had danced with me that first night.

When the club closed, the brothers invited us up to their apartment. Alice was hesitant, but I assured her it was okay. When we got there the boys put on some music and got drinks for us. They soon had Alice dancing with them again, once more pushing their bulging crotches against her pussy, until Alice was so excited she had to sit down to try to cool off.

At that point the guys started taking their clothes off, saying it was warm in there. I could see that Alice was both confused and fascinated. Then Henry sat down beside her and started kissing her. As Alice made a not very convincing attempt to fight him off, Strephon put his hand up her dress to play with her hot pussy. Soon he was finger-fucking her, while Henry was swirling his tongue around her mouth, and Alice gave up all pretense of protest.

Strephon then pulled Alice's pants down and started sucking on her clitoris, something I was sure her husband had never

done. Alice was soon moaning loudly, and when Henry brought his stiff penis up to her lips, she opened her mouth and took his large mushroom head inside it.

I couldn't believe how

two large men, and there was no doubt that she was loving the hell out of it. After a few minutes her body went all stiff and she screamed out around Henry's cock as she began to convulse in orgasm. Both

the night. In fact, they continued to fuck us almost every night for the next two weeks, and from now on I think Alice is going to be visiting me a lot more often.—*L.R., Tulsa, Oklahoma*



eagerly my friend was licking that huge cock as Henry started fucking her mouth. The sight was getting me really turned on too.

Then Strephon stopped sucking on Alice's clit and moved up to put his rigid cock into her pussy. His monster cockhead stretched her wide open, but she spread her legs further and somehow took it in. She was now being fucked in her mouth and pussy by

guys came inside her at the same time, and I could see her trying to swallow Henry's sperm, although most of it spilled out of her mouth and ran down over her chin.

Alice looked embarrassed when she came down from her climax, but she also had a smile on her face. We all got naked then, and the guys proceeded to fuck both of us with great enthusiasm for the rest of

## On a visit to his wife's family he also meets their voracious maid

My wife Alani and I are in our mid-20s and have been married for a year and a half. Alani is originally from Hawaii, where I had never been until we took a vacation trip there last month to visit her family.

Naturally I was a little nervous about meeting my in-laws for the first time, but



they turned out to be so nice and friendly that I quickly felt at home.

One morning a few days into our stay, I was sitting at the kitchen table, checking my e-mail. It was still early, and my wife and her family were just getting up, while the family maid, Magda, was making preparations for breakfast. At one point I looked up from my i-Pad to find Magda looking at me somewhat oddly. When I asked her if anything was wrong, she just shook her head and turned back to her cooking.

At that point I couldn't help reflecting that for a somewhat plump woman in her early 40s, Magda was still surprisingly attractive, with a pretty face and a good solid figure. But I quickly put such thoughts out of my head.

After a while, though, we got to talking about general things. Magda seemed particularly interested in how I had met my wife. I even got the impression that she was somewhat aroused, asking me intimate questions about our relationship. At one point she even asked if I'd ever been with an older woman.

By then I was kind of aroused myself, and given that opening, I took a shot. I got up and stood behind her, pressing myself against her soft round ass. She shivered as she felt my hard-on poking against her butt.

"Oh my," she moaned, but then protested, "We must not be doing things

like this. You are married, and I work for your wife's family."

"But I know you want to," was my reply.

She moaned again.

"Maybe tonight," she said huskily. "When everyone is asleep."

"Okay," I said, and let her go.

It was difficult being around her the rest of the day, but I managed. Late that night, when my wife had drifted off to sleep, I slipped out of bed and went out into the hall. Magda was there waiting for me. She crooked her finger for me to follow, and led me to her bedroom at the back of the house. I watched her round ass the whole way.

Standing in her room, she yanked my shorts down. She murmured something in Hawaiian which I didn't understand, then began licking and kissing her way down my chest, until she dropped to her knees right in front of my hard penis. I did my best to put my wife out of my mind as this older woman took my cock in her hand and guided it to her open mouth, then began to suck it with a slow, wet motion, deep-throating it with each downward stroke, while applying a strong suction on the uptake.

When I let out a moan she looked up at me with her big brown eyes, saying, "Shhh!" But it was hard to keep totally quiet, given the intense pleasure she was imparting to my dick. Before I could come, however, she



**"I did my best to put my wife out of my mind as this older woman took my cock in her hand and guided it to her open mouth"**



stopped and stood up, pushing down her skirt and her white panties. She then maneuvered me onto her bed, climbed over me with her round ass over my face, and went back to sucking my cock. Her pussy was thick-lipped and very hairy, and it had a strong musky taste, but it turned me on just the same.

Again she stopped before bringing me to climax. "We need to finish

before we get caught," she whispered. She then reached into her nightstand and pulled out a small jar of Vaseline. She put some on the head of my cock, then had me get off the bed so she could get on her hands and knees, with her ass sticking out at me.

I understood what she wanted, and I got behind her and slowly penetrated her asshole. I slid inside her rather easily, and it was

obvious that she'd been ass-fucked before. I held onto her hips and began banging away at her big buttocks as she buried her face in a pillow to muffle the sound of her moans. She came a second before I did, and her contracting muscles had me shooting deep into her ass.

As soon as I finished spurting she pulled away from me and, still panting, told me I had better go now. I slipped back to my room and into bed with my still sleeping wife.

The next day Magda and I acted for the most part as though nothing had happened between us, although we did exchange knowing glances from time to time when no one was looking. Late that night I went to her room again, and we again had quiet but memorable sex. In fact, Magda made the rest of our vacation very enjoyable for me, and now I'm looking forward to visiting my wife's family again very soon.—  
*P.N., Sacramento, California*

## The house she was minding came with a really hot young stud

A couple of weeks ago I received a call from my daughter, who was very stressed out. She was about to go on a trip with her husband and their son, and the person she'd hired to house-sit had canceled at the last minute. Although their house was over an hour's drive away from mine, she asked if I could

possibly fill in, since she had no one else to turn to.

Actually I didn't really mind the idea, as her husband was quite well off and their house was pretty luxurious, with a small gym, a pool and a state-of-the-art entertainment center. Staying there would practically be a vacation for me. I concealed my enthusiasm, however, simply telling her that I would be glad to do her this favor, and wishing her a pleasant trip.

My first day at the house began uneventfully. I fed their pets, watered the plants and did other little routine chores, which took no time at all. I then hit their gym for a quick workout. I am a bit of a fitness nut, even at 56, and people constantly compliment me about how firm my body is and about what good shape I'm in.

After my workout I decided to go outside and enjoy the pool. It was then I realized that I hadn't brought along a swimsuit. While there was a privacy fence around the property, I wasn't nearly brazen enough to skinny dip, so I decided to borrow one of my daughter's suits. However, all I could find were two-piece bikinis, and since my dimensions are bigger than hers, the suits didn't cover all that much, especially when it came to my breasts. Ordinarily I would never have worn such a thing, but since I was alone I said the hell with it, and put on one of the suits. I then made





myself a pitcher of margaritas and took it outside, kicking back on a lounge to enjoy the sun. After a few drinks I was so relaxed that I dozed off.

I'm not sure how long I lay there, but the sound of the front doorbell coming from inside the house brought me around. A little dazed from the alcohol, and from being suddenly awakened, I went to answer it.

The caller was a good-looking young man of about 19, who stared at me in slack-jawed wonder. When I asked him who he was, he came to his senses and said he was Al, a friend of my grandson Luke. I told him that Luke was on vacation with his family, and that I was his grandmother. When I said that he whistled and said he definitely wouldn't have guessed that, as I looked much too young.

It was then I realized that I was still wearing nothing but my daughter's tiny bikini, putting all my wares on display for a man young enough to be—well, my grandson. I looked around for something to cover up with, but nothing was close at hand. I then figured what the hell, he'd seen everything there was to see, and he obviously didn't mind the view, so I relaxed and let things be.

Instead of leaving, Al then asked if he could use the pool, assuring me that the family allowed him to swim there all the time. I couldn't see any reason why not, and told him to go



ahead. We went back to the pool area, where I returned to my lounge while Al nonchalantly stripped down to his boxer shorts, revealing a lean, muscular body and nicely chiseled chest. I ogled him surreptitiously as he jumped into the pool.

He swam back and forth a few times, and sometimes when he passed close to where I was sitting he would make some kind of casual remark while checking me out. I don't know if it was

**"I was still wearing nothing but my daughter's tiny bikini, putting my wares on display for a man young enough to be my grandson"**





the drinks or the effect of the attention I was getting from this much younger man, but I found myself positioning myself in a subtly provocative manner, which I was sure did not go unnoticed.

After about half an hour Al emerged from the pool. His boxers clung to him tightly, and there was a very impressive bulge at his crotch. I was trying not to stare at it when Al said he had to go, but that if it was all right with me he would come back the next day to swim some more. I was already looking forward to it.

The next day, after doing my chores, I donned another of my daughter's bikinis and again sat out by the pool. I was actually a little nervous as I thought about what might happen, but I couldn't stop picturing that handsome hunk and hoping he would actually show up. This time I was awake when the doorbell rang, but deliberately didn't bother to cover my scantily clad body as I went to answer it. Al's appreciative grin when he saw me left no doubt of his reaction.

As he followed me

through the house and outside, I glanced over my shoulder and saw his eyes riveted to my ass, which wasn't really surprising, since I was giving it an extra little sway for his benefit. Once again I lay on my lounge as he quickly removed his clothing. This time he was wearing a pair of skin-tight swim trunks in place of his boxers, which made me suspect that his request to use the pool the day before had just been an excuse to hang around. The shorts definitely outlined his huge bulge, and I felt myself turned on at the mere sight of him. Of all the luxuries the house provided, I hadn't expected a hung stud to be one of them.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him as he propelled himself through the water; I was getting incredibly aroused just lying there, and would have fingered myself if I could have gotten away with it. And the way Al kept staring at me, it was obvious that his thoughts were running along the same lines, despite the difference in our ages.

It was only about 15 minutes this time before Al emerged, looking every inch an aquatic Adonis. He pulled up a chair and sat down close to me, his legs spread to give me an unrestricted view of his crotch. It took everything I had to keep from rubbing my legs together right in front of him. As we talked, I noticed his bulge getting bigger, and slowly creeping upward, until finally the plum-sized

head of his circumcised cock poked out from the top of his trunks. I couldn't help gasping at the sight.

Al looked down at himself, then grinned and said boldly, "Well, it looks like someone wants to come out and play." And with that he stood up and dropped his trunks.

Again I couldn't help but gasp at the huge hunk of man meat before me. I had seen a few cocks in my time, but this one was something else altogether. It was as thick as any I'd ever seen, and much longer than most. I wasn't even thinking coherently as my hand moved toward it as if of its own accord. I wrapped my fingers around it as best I could, and began running them up and down its considerable length, thrilling at the hardness of it. I couldn't imagine what sensations something so large would evoke when it was inside me, but I was pretty sure I was going to find out.

Al didn't seem surprised at my actions, simply remarking breathlessly that I certainly knew what to do with one of those things. After I stroked him for a few moments, he put his hand behind my head and brought my mouth toward his straining member. I tried my best to take it in, but my jaw simply couldn't stretch that much, and I could only manage to get the head and maybe two or three inches between my lips. Al didn't seem to mind as I sucked as much of it as I could while running my

**"Al looked down at himself and said, 'Well, it looks like someone wants to come out and play.' And with that he dropped his trunks"**



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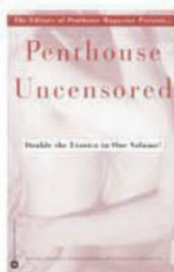
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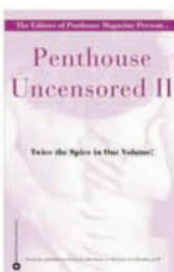
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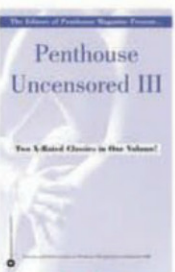
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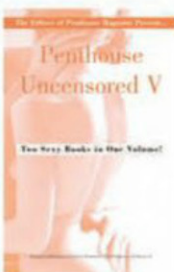
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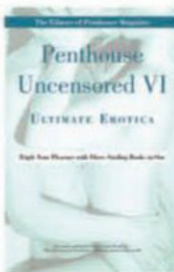
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tongue around the head.

I was salivating so much around this young stud's meat that I could see the drool running down his shaft, and when I removed my mouth from it a little string of saliva stretched itself out between my lips and his purple head. I swiftly slurped it up and began eagerly licking up and down his pole.

by it either, as he eased himself in firmly inch by inch, slowly but surely conquering my territory with the mighty weapon between his legs. Not that I was fighting him; I was the willing recipient of his invasion, happy to give up everything I had to the occupying force of his lust.

Soon he was deeper inside me than any man

vise while my body twitched and trembled under his muscular frame.

When I finally came down from my orgasm, Al grinned at me, remarking that I certainly got off quickly, and telling me to get used to it, as he was going to make me come again.

Once more his hips began thrusting rhythmically as his colossal cock

and I soon found myself coming even harder than before. This time my convulsions set him off as well, and I felt his cock swell and fill me with shot after shot of his hot seed, drenching my insides with his sperm until it seemed he would never stop.

When he finally finished spurting he lay there on top of me with his torso pressed

**"He grabbed my bikini bottoms and tore them off, tossing them away. His raw hunger added fuel to my already fiery lust"**

Al took advantage of this break to put me on my back and position himself on top of me. He was so eager that he grabbed my bikini bottoms and tore them off, tossing them away. His raw hunger added further fuel to my already fiery lust.

Al ran his cock up and down over my already wet pussy several times before asking me if I was ready for him. Oh God, I'd been ready for him since the previous day, and I told him as much. The next thing I knew that massive head was parting my pussy lips and nudging its way into my body.

Despite how aroused I was, it wasn't easy going due to his size, but this was a problem I could definitely get used to. Al wasn't fazed

had been before, but I kept urging him on until at last his mighty tool was lost from sight as our groins rubbed together. Being stretched so wide and so deep was a divine feeling. I locked my legs around his waist, making sure he didn't get away, even if he had wanted to.

Al drew back only a little bit before thrusting his cock back in. As he did so he gave a little twist to his hips, which stimulated my pussy in a way I had never known before. But then, no cock had ever filled it so thoroughly before, so I guess it made sense. He repeated this motion several times, putting a little more length and a little more force into each thrust. The next thing I knew I was coming hard, my legs clutching him like a



plunged in and out of me like a piston, his balls slapping against my ass as he eagerly pounded away. I might have been more experienced than my partner, but he was definitely teaching me a thing or two, mostly about what it was like to get fucked by a big dick.

Al lived up to his word,

against mine. A bit reluctantly, I released my leg lock and allowed him to pull away, his semi-flaccid cock making an audible pop as it slid out of my pussy.

I thought we were finished, at least temporarily, but Al then said there was something he had wanted to do since the first moment he saw me. He then undid



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my bikini top and pulled it off, allowing my tits to spill free. He immediately started fondling them, digging his fingers into the flesh. He told me I had the most outstanding rack he had ever seen as he continued to play with them as though it was his first time with a girl. Then, straddling my body, he placed his dick in the deep valley of my cleavage, wrapped my tits around it and began fucking them vigorously.

Now I've always had a big chest, and Al wasn't the first guy to do this, but he was definitely the largest, and it seemed that with each thrust his revived cock just got bigger and bigger, until the head of it was bumping against my chin, something no other man had managed to do. Feeling this, I bent my head so I could lick it, and even give it a quick suck with each stroke, once more stretching my jaws to the limit.

After enjoying my cleavage for a while, Al declared that he was going to fuck me again. This time he had me get on my hands and knees as he maneuvered himself behind me. Once

again his massive erection plowed its way into my body, this time from the rear. When it was buried, he leaned forward and clamped his hands over my tits, then whispered into my ear, asking if I was ready. When I told him yes, he began to fuck me—and when I say fuck, I mean fuck! He held nothing back as he pounded away like a jackhammer, clutching my tits as though holding on for dear life. Once again I experienced sensations I had never felt before. Not only was he taking me more powerfully than any man I'd ever known, but due to his size he was sending me places I didn't know existed. I had several orgasms in a row, all of them so intense they literally knocked the wind out of me. I was finding out first-hand that it's never too late to have the best sex of your life!

I still have no idea how long this went on; I only know I wanted it to last forever. Al seemed to have incredible staying power this second time, but even he had his limits, and finally he shouted out at the top of his lungs as he deposited another creamy load inside my spasming pussy. When he finally pulled out and released his hold on my tits, we collapsed onto the lounge chair with him on top of me, then rolled over to lie side by side as we gradually caught our breath.

As we gently stroked each other's body, Al told me that no other woman had ever given him so much

pleasure, and that I was the best lay ever. I figured he was just being gallant, but I was being absolutely truthful when I told him the feeling was mutual. He then asked me if I would like him to come around again the next day. You can imagine what my answer was.

So, for the rest of the week, my young lover and I fucked about as much as was humanly possible. I couldn't get enough of his monster cock, and he never seemed to tire of my pussy, or any other part of me for that matter. I was sad when the week was over and my daughter returned from vacation. Fortunately, however, she and her family take a lot of trips, and I made a point of telling her that I would be happy to house-sit for her any time she went away in the future. She thanked me profusely, telling me she was very grateful for my kind and generous offer. Little does she know.—*R.K., Troy, New York*

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**"He whispered into my ear, asking if I was ready. When I told him yes, he began to fuck me—and when I say fuck, I mean fuck!"**



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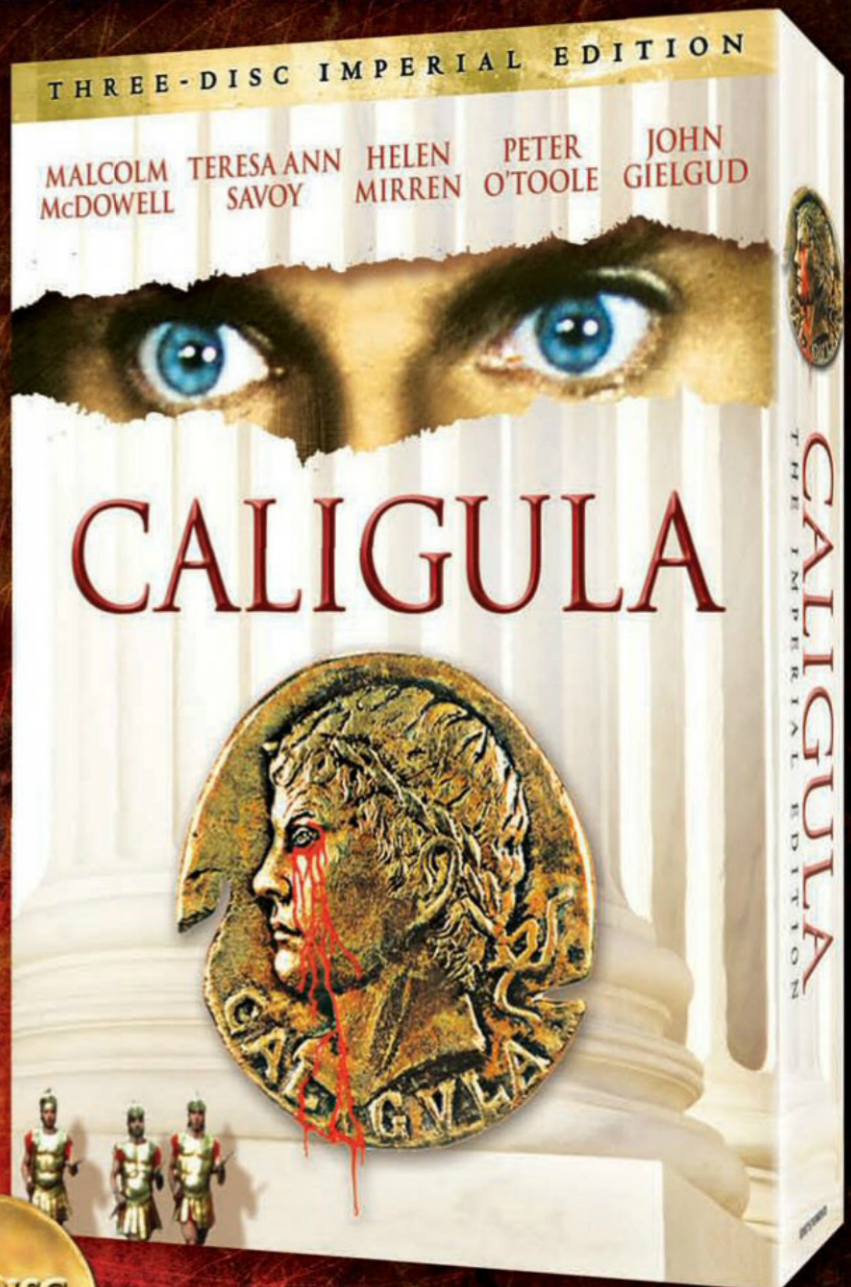
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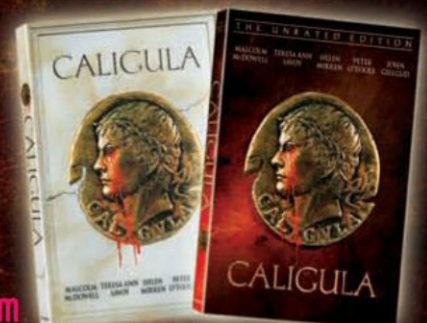
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## The Vixen Next Door

He'd known this little girl for years, but he'd never seen her *like this*—he had to remind himself that *it could all be totally innocent*

It all started on a beautiful Saturday morning early last June. I was repairing the fence between my house and my neighbor's. It was already very hot, and the sun was making the work extremely sweaty. I removed my shirt for a little relief, leaving me wearing just a pair of old shorts and some work boots.

I'd just finished removing an old section of fence when I was treated to a stimulating spectacle. I thought that my neighbors wouldn't be home, because the parents spent most weekends at their beach house and both the son and the daughter were away at college. But while I was working, I heard their sliding glass door open and a gorgeous figure in a bright green string bikini stepped out onto their back deck.

It was the daughter, Adrienne, who must have come home from college for the summer after her freshman year. I'd known her for years, but I had sure never seen her like this! The string bikini she was wearing barely covered an amazing body. The

scrawny high school soccer player with no figure had developed, at 18-going-on-19, into a hot woman with a dynamite figure.

She was about five feet six, with a very toned body and sandy blonde hair done in a French curl, something I always find really sexy. She was showing most of what looked like modest-size but perfect breasts. She was gorgeously sexy.

I was entranced as she laid her beach towel on the deck and began to apply suntan oil. The sight of the sun glistening off her chest, stomach and legs as she applied the oil so mesmerized me that I stopped working altogether and was just staring at her, with a bulge growing in my shorts. I reflexively began to stroke myself, which finally snapped me back to reality, and I got back to my fence project, still sneaking peeks at Adrienne from time to time.

"Hank, can you help me with something?" I snapped to attention and saw Adrienne, propped up on her elbows, looking my way.

"Uh, sure," I said. "What's up, sweetie?"

"Come over here for a second. I need a hand with something."

My heart beat faster as I headed over to the neighbors' deck, hoping the help Adrienne wanted was what I thought it was. As I got closer, I saw that her bikini was even skimpier than it had appeared: small triangles of material *just barely* covering the obvious patches. By the time I got to her, I had a noticeable bulge in my shorts and my cock had begun to snake down my leg.

I managed to mumble, "Hi, sweetie, what can I do for you?" I was trying to keep eye contact and not stare too hard at the sexy body laid out on the towel.

"I just wanted to get a little sun on my back," she said, "but I need a little help with the oil. Do you mind?"

As I took the lotion from her, she turned her back to me. "Sure," I stammered, and my cock grew longer down my leg. Wouldn't you know I would pick today to not wear underwear?

"Thanks," she said with a giggle. She flipped onto her stomach, giving me a close view of an amazing ass. Her bikini bottom was little more than a G-string, so I had a full view of her ass plus a glimpse of her pussy.

I was fully hard now, and couldn't pretend to be doing anything but drinking in the sight. "Well, what are you waiting for?" Adrienne said. She gave her ass a wiggle and untied the back of her bikini top so it wouldn't interfere with my oiling.

I began to rub the stuff on her shoulder and back, unable to believe this was happening. *It could all be totally innocent*, I cautioned myself. And yet Adrienne seemed unmistakably flirty and a little too free about undoing her bikini top.

She broke the silence. "I've been watching you work on your fence since I came out here," she said. "You look pretty good with your shirt off." She paused, then said, "I've always liked the way guys look when they're all sweaty."

I almost fainted! This sex-







# LETTER OF THE MONTH

pot really was flirting with me! I was more than a little nervous about where this could lead, but wildly excited at the same time.

"All finished," I said finally, groping for an excuse not to head back to my yard.

"No!" Adrienne said. "I need you to do the back of my legs as well." And she spread her firm, shapely legs so I could get to the inside of her thighs. She had to know she was also opening her pussy to me. I thought I saw wetness dripping onto her lips.

"Sure," I said, picking up the bottle of oil and throwing caution to the wind. As her strong, sleek thighs joined her hips, they left a sexy gap that exposed her pussy entirely. Now she spread her legs a bit wider still, clearly teasing me.

"I noticed you were watching me as well," she said.

I stopped rubbing the oil.

"Well," she said, "you like what you see?" Not waiting for a response, she said, "Be sure to get everywhere. You can go higher." I had only applied oil about halfway up her thighs. I poured some more and rubbed it in just under her ass, still not touching the beautiful cheeks peeking out from under her skimpy bikini.

"Higher," she said.

I rubbed oil right on her ass, and even slipped my hand under the bikini bottom, letting my fingers slide down and caress her slit. "Mmm, that feels good," she said softly, and she lifted her bottom off the towel with each of my strokes, causing



me to reach more of her pussy each time.

When I applied a little more pressure in the center of Adrienne's glute muscles, she let out a subtle moan. I said, "You know, you really have become a beautiful young woman."

She blushed, and I saw a hint of a smile. "Really?" she said with a small tremor. "You think so?"

I moved from her cheeks to her inner thighs, massaging them and moving higher and higher, wondering how far she would allow me to go. As I inched my way upward, she spread her legs a little more and raised her hips—in invitation to take things to the next level. I certainly wasn't going to decline that invitation!

I slid one hand up her inner thigh, then slipped two fingers under her bikini and ran the fingers lightly over her soaking-wet slit. She let

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**"Seeming to become self-conscious, she tried to cover herself up with her arms. 'No, don't,' I said, then kissed her"**

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out a soft moan and buried her lovely face in her towel. I stroked her lips gently a few times, sinking deeper with each pass. After teasing her a little, I reached down a bit farther and found a swollen clit. I traced light circles with my middle finger.

Adrienne lifted her hips higher. She was breathing very heavy now. I continued to work her clit ever so gently. I looked at her face, still buried in the towel, and saw that she was trembling. I guessed that she was close to coming. Soon she lifted her head from the towel and turned it toward me to get more air. Her breathing was

getting heavier and heavier. She started moving her hips back and forth, grinding her pussy into my hand.

I didn't want her to come so soon, so I pulled my hand away. She gasped and opened her eyes, still breathing heavy. It looked like she wanted to say something but couldn't catch her breath. I slid my hand across her ass and up her back, then leaned in close and whispered in her ear, "Why don't you roll over, sweetie, and let me finish what I started?"

As Adrienne rolled over, glistening from tanning oil and sweat, her untied bikini



top fell away, giving me a look at her gorgeous tits. They were perfectly tanned, and the dark nipples were fully erect. Seeming to become self-conscious, she tried to cover herself up with her arms.

"No, don't," I said, then leaned over and kissed her. She hesitated at first, but when my tongue touched hers, she opened her mouth wider and grabbed the back of my head to pull me in. We kissed forcefully for a while. Then I started kissing my way down her neck. She tilted her head back and shut her eyes. She was breathing heavy again.

I worked my way slowly down Adrienne's neck to her heaving chest. Her oiled skin had a smell and flavor that I found highly arousing. When my mouth reached her breast, I circled the nipple with my tongue. While I worked her nipples, her breasts began to undulate. Her breathing got heavier, and she moaned. I sucked and nibbled on the bottom of her breast.

Without losing mouth contact with that breast, I got to my knees, then crawled onto Adrienne's towel and positioned myself between her legs. I slid one hand up and gently massaged her abdomen. I alternated between her tits, kneading and sucking, getting more forceful. She responded by lifting her hips and grinding her pussy into my hard cock.

When I thought she was ready for more, I kissed my way down her stomach, still

pinching and pulling her nipples with my hand. I teased her, kissing and licking her abdomen just above her bikini line.

Then I moved down and massaged and kissed her inner thighs. She spread her legs wider and tucked her feet under her ass, then pushed her crotch toward my face. I wanted to tease her a bit more, so I continued licking between her legs, just outside her bikini line, while brushing my nose a few times against her soaked-through bikini bottom. I kissed and sucked her lips through the bikini.

Adrienne's moans grew louder, until she groaned, "Do it, Hank! *Just do it!*"

I slid her bikini bottom down her legs and off. Smiling, she spread her legs, and I moved my mouth to her pussy and parted her lips with my tongue. She was dripping wet and tasted deliciously sweet. She sighed as I tongued all up and down her slit.

She started rubbing her tits, and I began circling her clit again. She panted and groaned as the stimulation on her clit and nipples took over and her hips gyrated. Losing herself in the moment, she grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face into her pussy.

I slowed down to let her catch her breath, and she ran her fingers through my hair. I continued to lick her pussy slowly, and she said timidly, "Hank, I've never done this before."

When Adrienne seemed ready for a little more, I

picked up the pace. I licked her clit again, and sucked it into my mouth. She spread her legs more and pushed her knees up toward her chest, opening her pussy to me even more. I took advantage, penetrating her with my tongue and then fucking her with it.

I inserted my index finger deep in her tight pussy. She gasped! Her tightness and her reaction to my penetration made me wonder how often she had been penetrated. After a few minutes I added my middle finger to my finger-fucking, and her excitement level mounted. I continued tonguing her clit, now turning my hand so that my thumb was facing down,

and while thrusting my pair of fingers into her pussy, I brushed my thumb against her puckered anus. She flinched. I nudged my thumb forward, applying more pressure to her tight asshole. She tensed up and gasped.

I rimmed her with my thumb, lubricating it with a mix of her juices, sweat and my saliva. After the initial surprise, this sensation seemed to increase her pleasure. "Oh God," she panted, "that feels so fucking good! Don't stop." I increased the pressure with my thumb until it penetrated her just a bit, and *she erupted!* I looked up and between her tits saw her face lost in pleasure. While





# LETTER OF THE MONTH

she came down from her climax, I kissed my way up her stomach and sucked her sensitive nipples.

When Adrienne caught her breath, she said, "That was amazing!" We stayed there for a while, kissing and groping each other. Then she reached down and began to tug at my belt. When she had it loosened, she reached into my shorts and took my hard cock in her little hand. My balls twitched, and I moaned.

She disengaged from the kiss long enough to say teasingly, "Ooh, you like that?" as she stroked my cock.

I just continued kissing her, enjoying how good it felt to have her hand wrapped around my cock. She gave it a few more strokes, then pulled her hand out and used it to nudge my head away from hers.

Oh no! For a terrible moment I thought Adrienne was second-guessing this whole thing and putting a stop to it before it went too far. But no! She looked me in the eyes and rolled me onto my back. I kicked off my shoes and helped her remove my shorts.

She smiled as she looked at my erection, then said, "I've never done this, and I don't want to hurt you." She stroked my cock a few times. To encourage her, I placed my hand on the back of her head. She took the cue, leaning down and tentatively taking the tip of my cock in her mouth. It was a wildly erotic sensation, entering her plush mouth. After tonguing the tip tantalizingly, she took about

half my cock in and sucked it with more urgency.

"Oh, that's it," I moaned. "Don't stop!"

Adrienne continued trying to take more of my cock in, and in time was sucking most of it to the back of her throat, with less and less effort with each stroke. She was working up into a good rhythm, and I was beginning to feel that familiar boiling sensation inside me. But I wanted this to last much longer, so I composed myself and thought the least dirty thoughts I could think.

I reached to massage Adrienne's tits and also pulled on her nipples. She loved this, but maybe *too much*—she was sucking me even harder and moaning into my cock, once again bringing me to the edge of coming. Now I really had to exercise self-control. (I

would be embarrassed to share with you the mental images I conjured up in order to lower my excitement level.)

I wanted to continue building Adrienne toward climax while she worked my cock, and I realized that my arms were long enough to reach her pussy, so I slid my hand down and slipped two fingers in her dripping pussy. As I fingered her in rhythm with her mouthwork on my cock, again I felt her moan around my cock. With my free hand I grabbed onto one of her hard nipples and kneaded it.

Every time my fingers plunged in her, her leg muscles clinched, making her twitch. While my fingers worked in and out of her pussy, I looked down and saw her asshole contracting. I gathered some of her

pussy juices and rubbed her anus with them. "Oh God, Hank," she cried, "I'll die if you do that!"

Not listening, I pressed firmly on her anus, then began working my fingertip in. She was rocking back and forth on her knees trying to fuck herself with my hands, grunting with pleasure. "Just fuck me!" she ordered.

I pulled my cock out of her mouth and wrapped one arm around her waist, continuing to finger her pussy with that hand while wrapping the other arm around her chest and grabbing her tits, then pulling her in close. She tilted her head back and we kissed passionately, and she started grinding her ass and lower back on my aching cock.

I released her from my embrace and nudged her until she was positioned in front of





me on her hands and knees.

"Just fuck me!" she urged again, and she pushed her ass back toward my cock. Her wet pussy and ass were displayed right in front of me—the sight was unbelievable. Since she was begging to be fucked, I took my cock in one hand and guided it to her dripping pussy.

I tried playing with her lips with the tip, but she wasn't having that. She pushed back on me and wailed, "Now!"

I knew she was going to be tight, so I entered her pussy slowly, grabbing her hips to control the depth of

out on each of her thrusts—I *still hadn't done any thrusting of my own!* She just kept pounding her pussy onto my cock, back and forth, on her hands and knees.

She was really getting into it, so I grabbed her hips with both hands and started matching her thrusts with my own. We were fucking so hard that her ass was slapping my hips and each thrust created a slurping sound because of how tight and wet her pussy was.

"Oh, God, Hank, yes!" Adrienne moaned, slowing her pace a little to savor the moment. I slowed *my* pace

my hand, growling, "Stick it in! Fuck my ass with your thumb!" She arched her back and lowered her chest to the deck to raise her ass a little more.

I continued pressing my thumb, but it was clear that I would need more lubrication to penetrate her virgin asshole. The tanning oil was lying at my feet, so I grabbed the bottle and squirted some oil in her ass crack, then went back to work on her anus. I worked my thumb back and forth to relax the muscles, then pressed slowly into her ass.

As I worked the tip of my thumb in, Adrienne tensed up. I had to give her some time to get used to the new feeling. Once I felt her relax a little, I continued pushing my thumb deeper in her ass until finally it popped all the way in.

"Oh fuck!" she moaned, gripping the deck and pushing herself back on my cock. I resumed pumping in and out of her pussy, leaving my thumb buried in her ass. As I picked up my pace, I felt her ass muscles tightening around my thumb every time my cock penetrated her pussy.

Adrienne's moans of pleasure were increasing in volume and frequency, and she started grinding her pussy on my cock, which caused my thumb to move around her asshole a little, which sent her into a frenzy. She was starting to buck out of control, so I started moving my thumb in and out of her ass in order to direct her pace. At the same time I

started fucking her harder.

I wasn't going to last a whole lot longer. I felt that boiling sensation building and knew this time there was no going back. Suddenly Adrienne raised her head and, steadying herself, reached back and pulled my hand away and slipped her middle finger in her oiled asshole. While I watched her in the grip of this erotic frenzy, my cock erupted in her pussy. That plus the thumb in her ass must have been enough to send her over the edge into a shuddering orgasm.

I collapsed on top of Adrienne, with my cock still buried in her. Both of us were dripping with sweat and trying frantically to catch our breath. It was only then that it occurred to me that our activities might have attracted some neighborhood attention. The houses are packed in pretty tight, so anyone out in their yard may have heard some pretty interesting sounds.

"We might want to head inside," I said, slipping my cock out of her and sitting up, "before someone comes back here to see what's going on."

"You're probably right," she said. "I think we got a little carried away."

She flashed me that adorable smile, grabbed my hand and led me through the sliding glass door into her parents' family room. I closed the blinds and followed her to the couch. Neither of us said a word as we snuggled and drifted off to sleep.—  
*Name and address withheld*

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### "I knew she was going to be tight, so I entered her pussy slowly, grabbing her hips to control my depth of penetration"

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my penetration. As I inched myself in this ravishing vixen, in the tightest and warmest pussy I had felt in years, I was in heaven. I moved in deeper and deeper. She moaned as she adjusted to having her pussy filled. At last I got my entire length inside her, then stayed still to let her adjust fully.

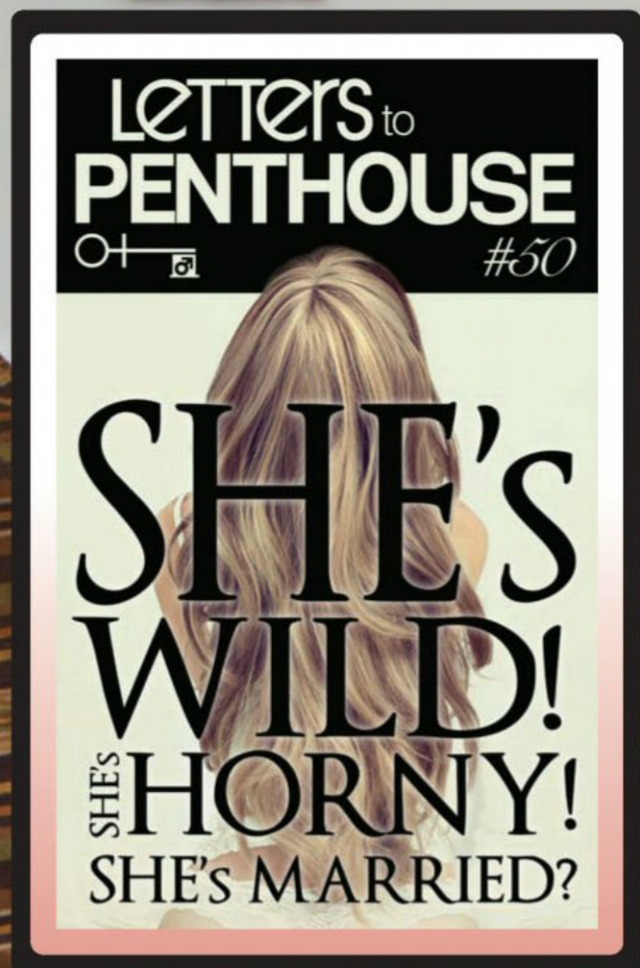
With Adrienne gripping her towel and waves of pleasure flowing through her, I stood still and caressed her back with one hand and stroked her clit with the other. She started rocking back and forth on my cock. Even though her pussy was really tight, it was so wet that my cock slid smoothly in and

as well, to prevent myself from coming, while continuing to caress her ass and lower back. While she rocked her hips on my cock, she reached back and grabbed one of my hands, then guided it to her puckered hole. She removed her hand and tilted her head to look back at me and commanded, "Make me come again, *hard*."

While pumping in and out of her at a steady pace, I focused my attention on her hot tight asshole. I rubbed my thumb the length of her crack, and she moaned and twitched her ass muscles. I started circling the opening, then applied more pressure.

She pushed back against











## GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN, BUT BAD GIRLS GO EVERY- WHERE ELSE

I have always been a good girl, unlike my friend Olga. Olga and I work for the same company, but she is based in the Paris office, while I am in Chicago. Since Olga's divorce, she has been having sex with lots of different men. She loves to tell me about her sexual experiences during our frequent phone calls. Once she told me about a weekend she'd spent having sex with two men at once. That story made me hot, but I told her that was something I'd never do, because I am a good girl.

Whenever Olga comes to the Untied States she always stays a day or two at our house, and she used to drive my husband Walt nuts. Most mornings she would come downstairs wearing only tiny panties. She'd give Walt a good-morning kiss and let her bare boobs rub against the back of his neck. She always said that Europeans don't think of boobs as sex objects, but I could tell she wanted to fuck Walt. He really wanted to do her too, but I just told both of them no way.

The reason that I am a good girl is that until our recent trip to Spain, the only man I had ever been with was my husband. Walt and I have an excellent sex life, and I was not looking for other men. In Madrid events just sort of got out of control, little by little, so it wasn't really my fault.

Olga and I get together several times a year to work on projects for our company. This time it was my turn to go to her in Paris. Since our meeting was to take place at the same time as Walt's vacation, he decided to come with me. In fact, we planned to take a long-desired trip to Spain the week before, staying in Madrid for a few days and heading up to Paris from there.

Since our plans were made at the last moment, we didn't have time to make a lot of reservations, and we were forced to settle for a rather seedy hotel in Madrid. As we were checking in we encountered a group of young Spanish men, also checking in, all of whom wore vests with a particular logo on them. Since I speak fluent Spanish, I was able to chat with them, and I learned from their leader, Carlos, that

they were all members of a beer-drinking club, in Madrid for a beer festival. Later on we found that they were staying on the same floor of the hotel as we were.

Walt and I had a good time seeing the sights that day, and the next morning we stayed in bed late, making love. When we are on vacation we always like to have slow, prolonged sex, taking our time touching, licking and stroking each other until we can't stand it any more. We had spent some time doing that, and now we were fucking in one of our favorite positions, which Walt likes to call "Amazon Woman." That is where I squat over him and bounce up and down on his nice hard cock.

We had been at it for some time, and I could tell that Walt was about one stroke away from shooting his load into my waiting pussy. I always have a big orgasm once he starts to shoot. But at that moment the door opened, and into our room walked Carlos, the leader of the drinking club!

Inside the door he stopped short, obviously as surprised as I was. He just stood there and stared at me bouncing





up and down on Walt's prick. At that point I couldn't stop, and for some reason the fact that he was watching us made me more excited than I had ever been. I began to have one of the best, long-lasting orgasms I had ever experienced. Normally when I come in that position I will collapse onto Walt's chest, but now I threw my head back and continued to come, exposing my entire naked, spasming body to Carlos.

When I stopped coming, Carlos still stood there a moment, as if frozen. Then he said, "I must have the wrong room." And with that he left.

Walt and I had a good laugh. We checked the door and found that, unlike in American hotels, the door did not automatically lock when it was closed. Walt had been trying for a while to get me to be more experimental about sex, and I think he liked the idea of me putting on a show for a stranger. I had always said no to his kinky sex ideas, because I am a good girl. But while Walt showered, I got out the traveling kit in which we keep our oils and sex toys, took out my vibrator and buzzed myself to another wonderful orgasm, thinking of Carlos watching me bouncing on Walt's prick.

When we went down to the breakfast room, I could tell that Carlos had told all the club members about watching me fuck. To my surprise this did not embarrass me—in fact, it turned me on that they knew. Carlos came over to our table and in broken English apologized for entering the wrong room. Then he said that to make up for his blunder, he would like to invite us to the festival his club was attending that evening. It sounded like fun, and we said we would be delighted.

The festival was a blast, and we spent a pleasantly boisterous evening with Carlos and his fellow club members, as well as groups from other beer clubs from all over Spain, singing, dancing, having fun and drinking beer. After several hours of drinking we were all feeling no pain, especially Walt and one of the club members, who seemed to be trying to out-drink each other for reasons of national honor.

As the night progressed, things were starting to get a little rowdy. At one point two girls at the next table got on top of the table and flashed us their boobs. Since I was the only female at our table, Carlos said that I should flash my tits back at them for the honor of the club. I looked at Walt, and he said it would be okay—which was about the last coherent thing he said before both he and his drinking partner passed out.

I really felt like doing it, but I stalled a little, saying that I was couldn't flash my boobs like the other girls because I was wearing a bra. Carlos just grinned and slipped his hand up the back of my shirt, unhooking my bra. He then helped me take it off while keeping my shirt on. He also took the opportunity to feel my tits.

Three of the other team members, José, Ricardo and Diego, were all watching Carlos help me out of my bra, and I had to admit to myself that I was getting horny, knowing that they knew what was going on. While we waited for the other girls to flash us again, Carlos took my hand and guided it under the table, placing it on his cock. I could feel the hardness of it through his pants. It felt very big, but I quickly removed my hand, because I am a good girl.

When the girls at the next table jumped up and flashed us again, Carlos and José helped me to the top of our table, and I flashed them back, showing my breasts to every man in the room. This turned me on so much I could feel the wetness dripping through my panties.

When I sat down again José, who was sitting on my other side, leaned over and gave me a passionate kiss. It was a very nice kiss, and it seemed only fair to kiss him back. While I was doing that, Carlos took hold of my arm and put some half-melted butter from the table into my hand. Next he took my hand and placed it on his cock, which he had now taken out of his pants, and started to move my hand back and forth. I was about to remove it, but when I opened my eyes I could see that the other club members—those that had not passed out—were watching me, again knowing what was going on. It was time for me to put on another show. I started to jerk Carlos off under the table, while José slid his hand under my skirt and started to finger my clit. I could tell that a few other people near our table had picked up on what was going on.

At this point Carlos shuddered as his ten-inch monster went off all over my hand. At the same time José's fingers were doing their magic on my clit, and just before I started to come I licked a large glob of Carlos's come from my hand. The come was mixed with butter and tasted amazing. I made way too much noise when I came, and many people were now staring at me. We decided to leave.

We took two cabs back to the hotel. José wanted me to jerk him off in the

cab. I said not right then, because Walt was also in the cab. I said once we got back to the hotel I would jerk him off, but since I was a good girl that was all I was willing to do.

Back at the hotel, we put Walt and the other unconscious guys to bed, and went to José's room. There we found Carlos and two other club members, Diego and Ricardo. They all had their pants off and their hard cocks out. I said that I would jerk them all off, but that was as far as it would go, and they said that was fine. I started on José, and in no time his come was flying everywhere.

Being the captain of the club, Carlos said he was next, and I went to work on him for the second time. By this time the guys were playing with my boobs and clit, although I still had my clothes on. Carlos still had a bit of butter on his large prick, and when I saw a small drop of precome on the tip I licked it off, again tasting the butter with the come. Next I noticed that there was also a little butter just behind the head of his cock, so I licked that off too. Every time I licked Carlos's cock, he would moan.

Then I remembered that Bill Clinton had declared that blowjobs don't count as sex, so I decided that it was okay for me to suck Carlos off and still be a good girl. So I took Carlos's monster in my mouth—only the second cock to ever find its way into my mouth—and he moaned louder. José then said that the guys would like to return the oral favor, if it was okay with me. I told them to go ahead, which the guys took as an invitation to strip me. Well, when four guys are stripping one girl, it only takes a few seconds before the girl is buck-naked.

Ricardo went down on me as I continued to suck on Carlos's dick. Given my already aroused state, it took only a few minutes before I was bucking in orgasm. As I was returning back to earth from my tremendous climax I could tell that Carlos was about to shoot his load down my throat. At this point I felt something stiff against my thigh. It was a hard dick. I didn't know whose it was, but I didn't care. Moaning around Carlos's cock, I found myself pulling at that stiffness, guiding it toward my pussy. I didn't have time to think about what I was doing, because as I was doing it Carlos was dumping his load into my hot mouth. I swallowed his come as eagerly as my pussy was swallowing that cock. A minute later I realized it was Ricardo's cock, and he was rapidly stroking it in and out of my



tight pussy, while I wrapped my legs around him and humped him back. I guess I was no longer a good girl, but as you can see it was not really my fault, right?

It did not take long for Ricardo to fill me up with come. Diego's turn was next. Carlos suggested that I ride him in the same position that he'd seen me fucking Walt, the "Amazon Woman" position. Diego had a cock that bent upward near the tip at about a forty-five degree angle. This wonderful dick hit my G-spot as I squatted on it, and as we fucked I could feel his cockhead bouncing off that spot, bringing me to one extraordinary orgasm after another.

As Diego was pumping his come into my already drenched pussy, I looked over to see that José was greasing up his cock with K-Y jelly. He positioned me on my hands and knees and fucked my ass, while Ricardo positioned himself under my face so I could suck on his dick. After about twenty minutes of this double action the two guys timed their climaxes so that I got

a load up my ass and one in my mouth at the same time.

By this time Carlos had gotten hard again, and he was lubricating his monster to replace José in my ass. I didn't know if I could take that huge hard prick up my ass, but with all the come and the stretching it had already taken, he entered me with little difficulty. I sucked on Diego's cock as Carlos pumped my ass, and soon he was rock-hard again. He slid under me and entered my pussy with his beautiful bent cock. We soon got into a pattern in which Diego would thrust forward, hitting my G-spot, while Carlos stroked deep into my ass. This double penetration would force Diego's tool still harder against my G-spot, and I would scream with ecstasy.

We went on until morning. Carlos came five times, and the rest of the guys unloaded at least four shots each. As for me, it seemed as though I must have come over a hundred times. Before I left we exchanged e-mail addresses. I'd had so much come

pumped into me that as I walked back to my room I was wet all the way from my pussy down to my knees. Back in my room I jumped into the shower. Walt was still sleeping, and by the time he woke up it was time to catch the train for Paris.

Olga picked us up at the train station and brought us to our hotel. While Walt checked us in and saw to the luggage, Olga and I had a drink at the bar. There I told her all the details about what had happened in Madrid. She was fascinated, and when I had told her everything she told me that I now had to be fair to Walt. I knew what she meant. We went up to the room, and while Olga gave Walt her customary welcoming French kiss, I dropped to my knees and took his very surprised cock into my mouth. Then both Olga and I proceeded to fuck his brains out.

Well, as the saying goes, good girls go to heaven, but bad girls get to go everywhere else!—*D.L., Chicago, Illinois*







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# HE'S GOT A BIG MOUTH!



*When she confided her most intimate fantasy to her husband, she expected **some** kind of reaction, but not that he'd go blabbing her secret around!*





## TRUE *CONFESSIONS*

When I tell my story, I think you'll understand why I was enraged at my husband for the situation he put me in by shooting his mouth off about really intimate matters that were nobody's business but our own. It still burns me up that he could have done such a thing.

It started about a year ago, when Joseph and I went out dancing and got pretty wasted. After returning home and fucking like wild animals, we began to share our secret fantasies. Joseph shocked me by saying that he fantasized about watching me being fucked by a guy with a big cock. I told him his dick was big enough to keep me happy, but he said, "Come on now, you've had bigger, and I'm not stupid. I'm sure that from time to time you still would like to get that tasty blonde pussy of yours stretched to the max by a guy with a much larger cock."

I should say that Joseph is a very good lover. (We're both 26, and have been married for five years.) Although his dick isn't unusually large, its banana-shaped bend never fails to rub my G-spot the right way. I also find his dick much more comfortable to suck than a

larger one, and his balls are actually quite large. When he comes, he really *gushes*, and as a result, although I've never enjoyed actually *swallowing* come, I developed a passion for sucking him off regularly.

All that said, Joseph was right, at least up to a point: I did have occasional desires to venture beyond our marriage bed. But he was wrong about me being a size queen. With a great deal of hesitation, I explained that that wasn't what I sometimes fantasized about. Rather, my secret fantasy was to be *totally dominated*. I imagined being blindfolded and tied spread-eagle to a bed to submit to being fucked by a number of unknown partners.

Joseph delivered me a good sound fucking, bringing me off like a rocket before blasting his load in me. After that we never spoke about what we had shared with each other that evening.

A week or so later my hubby got up early to go golfing with his boss. The course is about two hours away, and I knew from the many Saturdays he went that it would be an all-day affair. After seeing him off, I went back to bed, but





was soon awakened by the doorbell.

I sleep in the nude, and when I got out of bed, I just slipped on my robe. When I opened the door, I was greeted by the smiling face of our next-door neighbor Adam. Adam is a big, burly guy about six feet four, 225 pounds. He is ruggedly handsome, and although he's only 28, he's worked construction all his life, so his face is well-weathered. Of course all that heavy outdoor work has made him extremely masculine physically.

Adam asked if he could use our phone, as his phone for some reason wasn't working. I welcomed him in and offered him a cup of coffee. After calling the phone company, he followed me into the kitchen. I turned around to ask him what the phone company said, and suddenly he took me in his muscular arms and kissed me passionately.

I found myself returning the kiss, and then with all the resistance within me I pulled away. "Christ, Adam, I'm a married woman!" I exclaimed. "What could you be thinking?"

"Look," he said, "Joseph told me that you fantasize about being forced to have sex, and to be completely honest with you, I think you're one amazing woman. If you're up for it, I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

At first I was embarrassed. Then I got extremely pissed off and said angrily, "I *can't believe* he would share something so intimate with you."

"Come on, let me give you what you need!" he replied, and I suddenly noticed that my robe had come open and he was staring at my naked body.

This giant of a man took my hand, and we headed for the bedroom. I couldn't believe I was going along with this! He slid my robe off my shoulders, then bent down and began roughly sucking on and nibbling at my swollen "bee-stung" nipples. "God, you've got sexy tits!" he murmured. "I love how your nipples come out, like they're just begging to be sucked."

He eased me onto the bed and kissed down my torso, then buried his face in between my open thighs. I lay back and gave myself over to his oral attack. His oral technique was different from any other lover I had. He pressed his mouth over my aching clitoris, then gently bit down around its base. With the tip of his tongue he began giving rapid feather-like licks to the tip, and with his thick, callused fingers he rubbed upward against the inside of my mound, then fucked in and out of my dripping gash.

When the pleasure became too in-



*"I ached to feel Adam's awesome slab inside me. He asked where I kept my stockings, and when I told him, he proceeded to bring my fantasy to life!"*

tense, I pushed his face away from my quivering pussy. He stood up and began to undress. His torso was well-defined and muscular, and very hairy, unlike my undefined, hairless husband's. The difference excited me.

Adam kicked off his work boots and slid his jeans and briefs down his tree-trunk legs, which like the rest of him were covered with dark hair. Even in his half-hard state his dick was thick and extended outward from his groin. It was uncircumcised, and I had never seen an uncircumcised dick. As he stepped forward, I slipped off the bed onto my knees before him. His balls weren't much larger than Joseph's, but his dick sure was!

I took it in my hands and stroked the heavy foreskin back, exposing the mushroom-shaped tip. I bent forward and licked all around the groove under the crown. His dick had a more acrid flavor than any I had sucked, and a much heavier, headier scent. It was so different from all those other dicks that I

yearned to taste it and feel it inside me.

I lovingly licked and sucked Adam's manhood, including his sweaty, hairy balls, one at a time, something I'd never done with any other man. He seemed to enjoy the treatment. He grabbed the back of my head, and his dick began to convulse, until his seed began filling my mouth. I swallowed every tangy, slightly sour drop.

The more I sucked that awesome slab, the more I ached to feel it inside me. It remained erect even after his powerful orgasm. He stepped away and ordered me onto the bed. He asked where I kept my stockings, and when I told him, he proceeded to bring my fantasy to life! He tied my hands and feet to the headboard and footboard of the bed, then tied a scarf over my eyes.

I gathered he was talking into his cell phone. "It's me . . . Yes, I've got her all fired up, and she's tied up and ready for action." To me he said sternly, "You're ready to get fucked, aren't you, slut?"

I hissed lustfully, "Yes!" I wondered, was he really talking to someone, or was he playing a game?

"Well, hurry up!" he said into the phone. "You want to fuck her in the ass? . . . Yeah, she does have a nice bubble butt, doesn't she?"

After Adam clicked the phone off, he said, "You like to get it up the ass, slut? You're going to get your ass fucked silly when the fellows get here!" He opened my mouth and stuffed his briefs in it, then tied a stocking around my mouth to hold them in place. "You look sexy as hell all tied up with my briefs stuffed in your pretty mouth! You love being my personal slut, don't you?"

Adam began rubbing my clitoris and finger-fucking my vaginal opening and anus at the same time. I was in ecstasy. He massaged my breasts with his big, rough hands and pinched my nipples hard, twisting them and drawing a painfully excited squeal from me.

He climbed on the bed and pressed his thick dick roughly against my open-





ing. As he eased his way in me, I cried out and groaned into the briefs wadded in my mouth. His dick was by far the thickest I'd ever had inside me, and his big balls slapping against my anus coupled with his licking and biting on my nipples sent erotic chills throughout me. I loved being manhandled this way! He buried himself in me, with his balls pressing against my anus, and I felt his come coating my insides.

While I was lying under Adam with his dick embedded in me, the doorbell rang. He dismounted quickly. I tried to talk but of course couldn't with his briefs still stuffed in my mouth.

"Damn," I heard a deep voice say, "would you look at that babe? I knew her body would be banging under those clothes." It sounded like Ralph, another neighbor. I began to get excited at the thought of having a stranger stare at my naked body and my mostly shave blonde mound.

"You weren't lying," another man said. "She is one fine chick. Can I fuck that sexy rosebud ass?"

Another deep voice chimed in, "I want to bust off in her fucking mouth and make her swallow every drop of my come. The little whore wouldn't even talk to me last Christmas at Drew and Connie's!"

*"One of the men mounted me, and as he slid in me knocked the air out of my lungs. 'Damn, this is some tight pussy!' he wailed"*

I recognized that voice as Mr. Benjamin, a neighbor in his late 50s. And I remembered the incident well. He was drunk out of his mind at that party, and came on to me! I had to fight him off, and of course put as much distance between us as possible.

Now the talk turned into action. One of the men mounted me, and as he slid in me knocked the air out of my lungs. "Damn, this is some tight pussy!" he wailed, and he fucked me like gangbusters till I was on the verge of coming. Then he untied my gag and pulled Adam's soaked briefs out of my mouth.

I took a deep breath, then cried out, "Give it to me! Fuck me!"

"Oh, I'll give it to you all right," he said, and then pulled completely out of me. The next thing I knew, his dick was nudging my mouth open and he was

filling it with sweet-tasting semen. He rubbed his thick, hot dick all over my face, coating it with his come.

The men untied my hands and feet, then positioned me on my knees in the center of the bed and retied my hands behind my back. They left the blindfold in place. Then I had an impressive-size dick nudging its way in my mouth, and I knew from the voice saying, "Suck it, you fucking little blonde whore," that it was Mr. Benjamin. Chills ran up my spine! He fucked my mouth roughly, as if it was a vagina. "That's it, you little cunt!" he cried. "Swallow my whole fucking dick down your throat!"

My loins were on fire! I felt a thick finger greasing up my anus, and I knew I was about to lose my anal virginity. Just as Mr. Benjamin had finally stopped choking me on his old dick (which I had to admit was rather tasty), I felt the pressure increasing on my anus. It was pretty intense as a hot shank sank into my bowels, but soon enough the pain changed into an erotic sensation unlike anything I had ever felt. Soon I was pushing against my ass-fucker, trying to get as much of his dick in me as I could.

Then there was a dick probing my mouth which I recognized as Mr. Benjamin's, jabbing at me until it released

a wash of watery semen. Suddenly the man fucking my ass flooded it, and I exploded in climax.

It was like I went into a trance! And when I came to, I was being placed on top of one of the men and lowered onto his thick dick until it was embedded in me. Then another dick was pressed against my lips to be serviced. While I sucked feverishly on the dick in my mouth and bounced merrily up and down on the dick in my vagina, I felt another dick probing my anus!

In short order I had dicks *in all three of my openings!* I hadn't even included this among my fantasies! All three dicks fucked me raw, and I was covered in come by the time Adam sent the others on their way and then untied me and took the blindfold off.

I got a real shock when Adam said,







"Now as far as your husband is concerned, we're just going to keep this our little secret." All along I assumed he had set this up with Joseph! In fact, he had set this up *on his own*, just based on my husband shooting his mouth off about our private business!

As I said at the start of this letter, I was mad as hell when I found out that Joseph had shot his mouth off, and I still consider that inexcusable. It was no fun having to face all our neighbors after what happened. And remember, it's not just Ralph and Mr. Benjamin. I had some guesses as to who the other guys might be, but really, they could have been any of our other neighbors!

After a while I got over that, though. What do I care what those fuckheads think? I doubt that Ralph and Mr. Benjamin even know that I recognized them. The fact is that those assholes all had probably the best sex of their miserable lives thanks to you-know-who.

And I guess I have to thank my stupid husband for what he unwittingly set in motion. First of all, he made it possible for me to live out my fantasy, and while it wasn't at all the way I imagined it, it was *even hotter*. I've never been so sexually satisfied, and I had the thrill of sending all those guys home satisfied beyond their dreams.

There's one more thing, which maybe I shouldn't admit, but I have continued seeing Adam. The jerk showed up the next day bringing me some idiotic mask he had bought that had tiny locks on both sides so that, he said, I wouldn't be able to take it off or see who he brought over to fuck me, now that I was his "bitch slut." Really, now!

I told him to go fuck himself, that the domination shit was just a fantasy and it was over. I added, though, that *if he just wanted to fuck me*, he was welcome to do that anytime we could arrange some alone time—and the only equipment he had to bring was his gorgeous giant sex machine of a body. As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I did the only thing a girl could do under the circumstances. I ripped off all his clothes and ravished him every way I could think of. I think we established that Adam is now *my* slut.

It occurred to me when I set out to write this letter that Joseph might see it and get one hell of a surprise. Actually, I kind of hope he *does*. In fact, if you print this letter, I may buy him a copy of the magazine just to make absolutely sure! Then we'll see if he's the kind of husband who will want to see my sex god and me fuck our oversexed brains out!—*D.B., Norwalk, Connecticut*



# LETTERS



## On an errand of mercy, she satisfies desires she never knew she had

I'm 22 and happily married, and want to share an experience that happened to me last weekend which awoke the exhibitionist that I guess must have been lying dormant inside me.

My parents needed me to come home to help sit with my grandfather, who had been hospitalized. But there was a problem. There was no way my husband could just close his shop to take off on such a trip, and I was uneasy about making such a long drive alone.

A girlfriend of mine came up with an idea, based on the fact that that same weekend her little brother was planning to visit their other sister, who lives just a few miles from my parents. So my friend suggested that her brother Casey ride with me. Now, I wasn't about to tell my husband that I was going to be traveling with another man, so I told him that I had decided to do the drive by myself after all—and what could he say?

I picked Casey up at my girlfriend's, and then we were on our way. It was still pretty early in the morning and I wasn't fully awake, so when Casey offered to drive for a while, I happily accepted. He lit a joint, and as the car filled with smoke, I first became very stimulated, and after a while very tired. I lay sideways on the car seat and, with my head against the side of Casey's thigh, fell asleep.

I should say that Casey was nothing like the guys I would have been interested in when I was single. He was rather small in stature—maybe five feet five and 140 pounds—and he was also a long-haired surfer-dude type who lived to party. I was always into more serious, career-oriented men.

I'm not sure how long I had been asleep, but when I awoke, my head was lying on top of Casey's thigh and beneath my cheek was what felt like an extremely large boner. In addition, I became aware that Casey was ever so slowly finger-fucking me!

I pretended to be asleep still. Casey's fingers were really rubbing me the right way, and the heat of his throbbing cock against my face had my insides building up like a volcano about to explode. I squealed with lustful delight as an orgasm shook through me.

I wasn't aware of it, but at some point during my climax, Casey—while continuing to drive and finger-fuck me—slid his sweatpants and boxers down his legs. When I looked up at him, he smiled at me and said, "This will be our little secret!"

I took Casey's cock in my hand, then in my mouth. It was a big one, longer and thicker than my husband's. While I sucked him, I turned around in the seat so my ass faced the passenger side. Casey lifted my thin summer dress up over my back, and I reached back and quickly slid my panties off while I sucked his shaft hungrily. He reached over

and, while continuing to drive, spread my ass cheeks open and began finger-fucking me again.

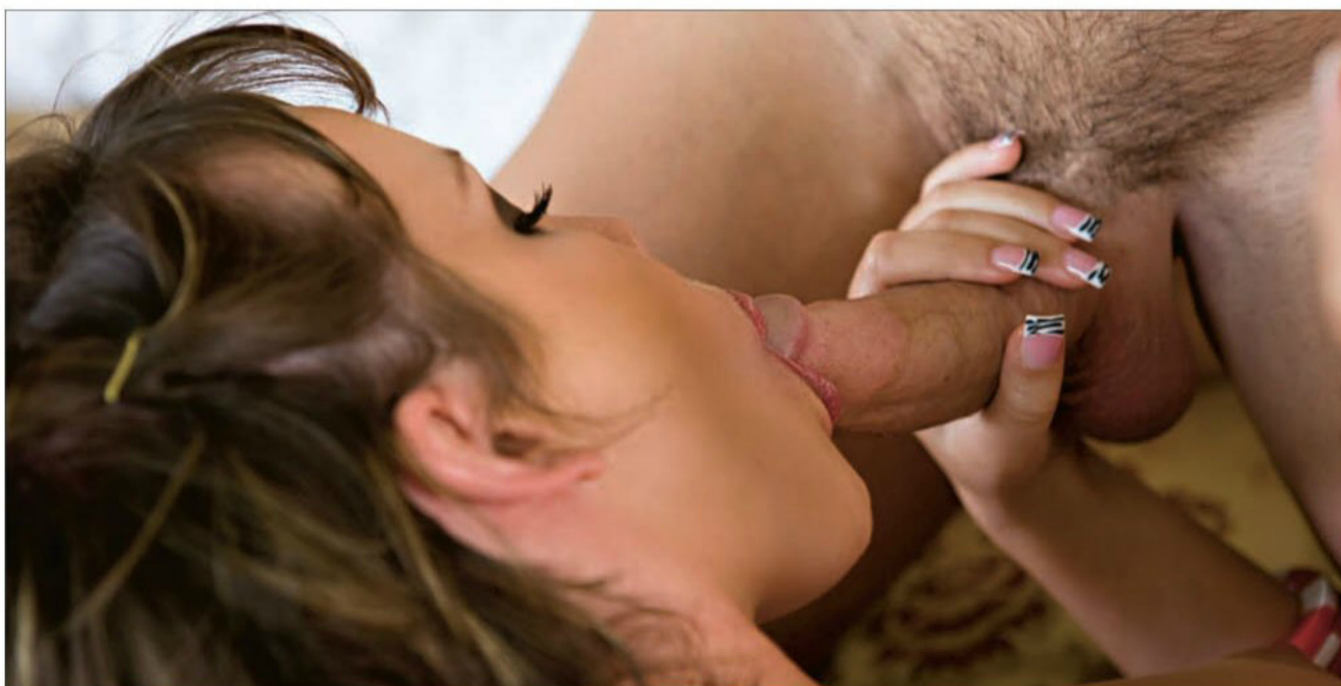
Suddenly I heard the horn of a semi blowing behind us. Casey said, "I bet that's some horny old truck driver who's been looking straight at your open pussy and watching you suck my

cock. You like that, don't you?" As a matter of fact, *I did*. The realization that a stranger was gazing lustfully at my dripping pussy and my cocksucking made me hotter than I had ever felt!

I moaned around Casey's cock and took the whole thing in my mouth, swallowing hard around it. He held







my head in place while he sprayed a luscious load down my throat.

Now his fingers were sliding in and out of both my anus and my vagina—and the truck horn kept on blowing! “You know,” Casey said, “I always suspected you would be insatiable.”

I sucked his cock till it fell limp from my lips. He said, “I bet you’d like to suck that truck driver’s cock while I suck you off, wouldn’t you, you horny little thing?”

Suddenly Casey stepped on the gas and we passed the semi as if it was standing still. A short while later he pulled over to the shoulder and stopped the car. He moved me around in the seat, then buried his face between my ass cheeks. With the driver’s-side button

he lowered the window all the way, then nudged me forward till my head was hanging out the window.

His mouth was magical, and even more so when he applied it to my anal opening. No man had ever done that to me. The feel of his tongue fucking my tender rosebud sent me swirling into another climax.

I had my eyes closed while I wallowed in a rapturous erotic cloud. Suddenly my lips were being pressed by the heated crown of an erect cock. I opened my mouth and took it in. It had a sweaty, sweet flavor but also quite a stench. As much as the smell distressed me, it also aroused me. With Casey continuing to eat out my anus and vagina, I kept on vigorously sucking the

truck driver’s smelly cock, without caring who he was or what he looked like.

He had my long hair wrapped in his hand as he slid in and out of my mouth. “Damn,” he exclaimed, “this must be my lucky fucking day! A sexy woman draining my fucking nuts! Damn, boy, your old lady is one fine cocksucker!” And to me he said, “You like sucking cock, don’t you?” He pulled his cock completely out of my mouth and said, “Go on, tell your young man how tasty my dick is!”

I turned my head toward Casey and hissed, “Mmm, yeah! I love sucking his tasty cock!” The trucker slid his cock back in my mouth and fucked it faster. Just as I was about to blow again, the guy, who must have

been 50-something, grunted loudly and filled my mouth with his spunk.

“That’s it,” he spat down at me while I milked his nuts dry, “show your young man how much you dig drinking my nut juice!”

Casey, still finger-fucking both my holes, was now licking from my opening up to the small of my back. The trucker called to him, “Turn her around and let me sample that sweet ass you’ve been sucking!”

I turned around and sat so my ass faced the car window, giving him total access. While Casey directed my mouth back onto his cock, the truck driver took my ass cheeks in his callused hands and pressed his dick slowly in my slit. He started off slow but soon was fucking



me like a wild stallion at the same time that I was sucking Casey's cock.

I was in heaven from the wonderful way the trucker was using my body to satisfy his needs when suddenly he slammed balls-deep in me and held me there while his cock burst in me. Just then Casey cried out as he

and parents, I drove back to Casey's sister's house and picked him up. He took the wheel, and this time without any words being spoken I pulled my sheer dress over my head. Casey was surprised to see that I was totally naked underneath it.

On the return trip we had a wonderful repeat of the

he hasn't. To my surprise he hasn't even called me.

I'm shaking with excitement at the thought of reading this letter to my husband and him having no idea it's me who wrote it!—*Name and address withheld*

## The pleasures of their big summer party took a sudden, sinking hit

Our big summer block party always takes place on the first Saturday of August. It's an enjoyable gathering of 40 or 50 neighbors, with lots to eat and drink. But last year I got the shock of my life.

On a gorgeous day I headed out for the party about noon. Grace, my wife, said she would follow in an hour. I wound up playing cards, and while sitting at the card table sipping a beer was approached by Carl, Artie and Rico, the sons of different neighbors, all about 21. Carl spoke up first: "Hey, Burt, my boys and me were wondering if we could ask a little favor. We'd like to borrow Grace this afternoon."

Seeing me puzzled, Artie said, "She didn't tell you what happened two weeks ago while you went fishing?" When I said no, he said that that weekend—when I was on a fishing trip with a co-worker—he and his pals had had a "night of fun" with my wife! I was almost afraid to ask what kind of fun, but I did. Artie said *the three of them fucked her!*

"I don't believe you," I snapped. "She wouldn't do that with you three boys."

Carl allowed that Grace

resisted at first. "But when we *three boys* stripped and she saw what we had hanging between our legs—especially Rico's monster—she got very keen. When the Italian Stallion's hard, he's got ten inches of hard salami."

Artie said they took turns with Grace. I was glad I was sitting with my legs under the card table so they couldn't see the bulge in my pants.

The story was that that first day Carl and Artie left my house about midnight but Rico spent the night, not leaving till noon. Rico said he and Grace fucked three times. "And she was blowing me all night. Man, can your wife give BJs! Plus she wanted to see my ten inches grow in her hands, and did a fantastic handjob."

Could any of this be true? At a throb of my cock, I realized that what I was *really* thinking was, *I sure wished I'd been there to watch!*

"So what do you think?" Carl asked. "Can we go to your place to visit Grace?"

"It's thoughtful of you to ask me," I said. "But if what you're saying is true, you fellows and Grace seem to do whatever you want."

Artie suggested I come and *watch*. "You might enjoy seeing her have some fun," he said. Carl added, "I know we'll be having fun!"

I just stood there watching them walk to my house! I waited ten minutes, then headed home myself. When I entered, it seemed quiet. Then, from our bedroom I heard giggling. I recognized as my wife's. I went to the bedroom door and peeked



filled my mouth with another yummy mouthful of jism.

At that point the truck driver thanked us and drove away, and Casey and I straightened up and drove on until we got to his sister's house. From there I drove on to my parents' house, appalled that I'd let myself do the things I'd done. I thought Casey must think I'm a total whore.

Friday night and Saturday came and went quickly, and after spending lots of quality time with my grandfather

activities we'd indulged in on the way down, plus one time when we pulled over, a father-and-son truck-driving team pulled over and took turns feeding me their big cocks and fucking me like a rag doll, finally ejaculating explosively in me. I loved every second of it.

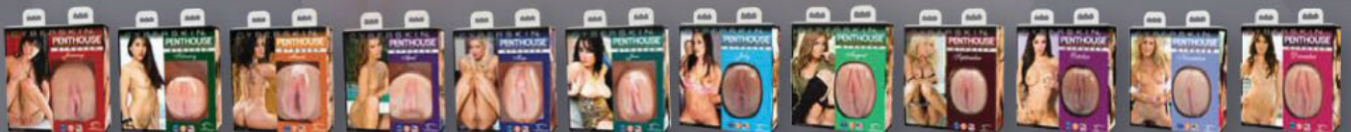
As we neared home, we stopped at a rest stop and got cleaned up. Then I took over the driving. When I dropped Casey off, I made him give me his word that he won't tell anyone. So far



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around the edge, and saw a scene I'll never forget.

Grace was in the middle of the bed on her back, still in her light green sundress, but it was hiked up above her waist and she was nude from the waist down. Carl was riding her missionary-style, his lean ass pumping up and down. Artie and Rico were standing nude by the bed watching—while I stood outside the door with a hard-on, taking it all in.

Carl picked up speed, till his butt froze for a few seconds with his cock rammed in my wife—and I knew *he was shooting his load in her*. As he did, she threw her arms around him, holding him in place. She held him on top of her for a good minute—making sure, I figured,

to move together rhythmically. To my amazement, I just stood there peeking around the door with great pleasure! Artie wasn't gentle, just plain *nailling* Grace, but from the way she clamped her legs around his waist, she looked to be *loving* it. Soon she relaxed and let him have his fun doing all the work.

Before Artie filled Grace with his liquid gold, they locked lips in a passionate kiss. That may have driven Artie over the edge, as his hips drove hard against hers and his ass shook wildly as he blasted his load. He laid on top of her long after he filled her pussy, then rolled off on her other side.

I guessed it was time for the main event—Rico and his monster. He got close to

still peeking around the door and his back was to me. At that time I saw Grace's hand busy at his crotch, and she said, "I missed this."

Now Rico made his move. He positioned one knee on one side of Grace and lifted

and landed the other knee on her other side. For a better view of him straddling her chest, I slipped in the room, moving toward the bed.

While the boys all knew I was watching, it came as a shock to my wife. When she

**"Before Artie filled Grace with his liquid gold, they locked lips in a passionate kiss. That may have driven Artie over the edge"**

that she'd drained out every last drop of come.

When Carl finally rolled off of Grace, before she could blink he was replaced by Artie, who also mounted her in missionary position. She slipped her hand between them, and from the movement of her upper arm I knew she was putting Artie's cock in her cunt.

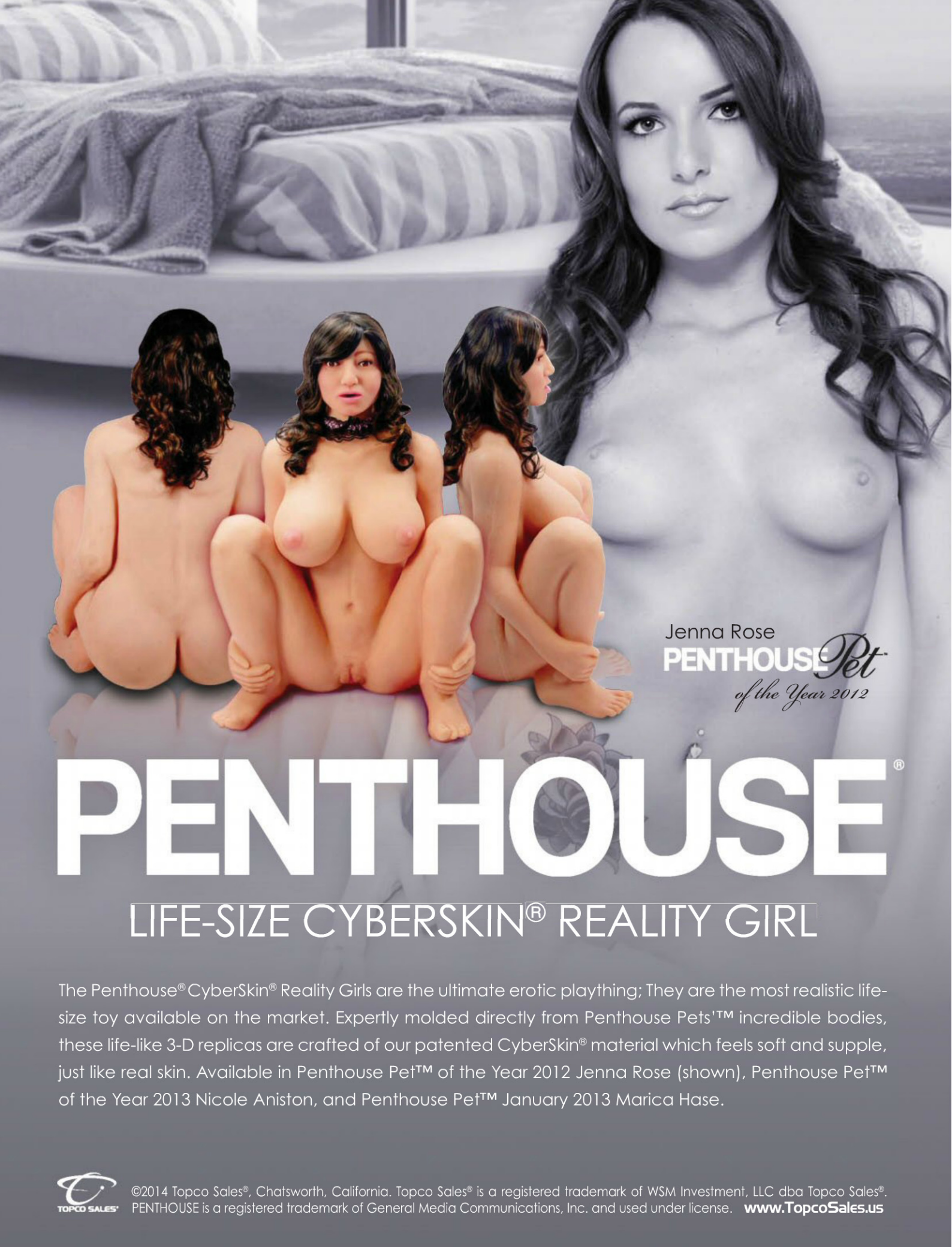
Grace's hand came out and the two bodies began

the edge of the bed, bent over a little at Grace's side and kissed her. She was highly cooperative with the kissing. With their mouths wide open it was easy to see their frantic tongue activity.

So far I had caught only glimpses of Rico's cock. Now I saw it jutting straight ahead, and reports of its size were confirmed. I think he was having it played with during the long kiss, while I was







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*his entire load in her throat, not missing a drop.*

I'm pretty sure that wasn't the last time that my wife hooked up with "the boys," but she's never allowed me to watch again. She says I enjoyed it way too much.—  
*Name and address withheld*

## His wife grew obsessed with bagging herself a really "big one"

When Ruby and I had been married a couple of years she became obsessed with getting screwed by a man with a huge cock. It started when a friend told her that on a business trip she slept with a guy who fucked her with a ten-incher until she passed out when she came.

Not long after, we met a big guy—six-five, nearly 250 pounds—who Ruby noticed had long, thick fingers like the guy her friend had told her about. That night when I slipped my nearly seven inches in her, she said, "I bet Ernest has a big cock."

I came to find out that she made it her mission to find out! She began to slip away early from the diner we run for time alone with Ernest. Being a natural flirt, Ruby had no trouble striking up a friendship, and a few weeks later she told me he had asked her to lunch at a place an hour's drive from our home. She wanted to go the next Saturday.

I knew from experience it was best to just let her go, but it was a long Saturday afternoon for me, knowing that my wife (who's five-two, 106 pounds) was fucking

saw me, she gasped, "Oh-mygod, how long have you been watching?" She was all the more embarrassed given the position she was in—her arms pinned at her sides by Rico's knees and him virtually sitting on her chest. Still, there was Rico's giant boner inches from her face. She could barely get two inches, maybe three, in her mouth. When he ejaculated, she gulped down as much as she could. The rest coated her face.

Rico turned to me and said, "Your turn." In a frenzy I ripped off my clothes and

straddled my wife. Copycat-style, I began beating my meat, aiming to shoot, for the first time ever, *at her face*. Before I blew, she shut her eyes; then my cream mixed with Rico's all over her face. I climbed off and tossed her a towel. She wiped the goo off, then pulled her sundress down, covering her pussy.

As the boys got dressed and headed back to the party, Grace headed for the bathroom, and soon I heard the shower running. When she came out, all put back together, we rejoined the party, mingling like nothing

happened. But toward sundown I saw her heading for our house with Rico!

I followed soon after, and found them back in our bedroom. Grace had her legs jackknifed to let Rico remove her panties. He opened her legs wide and kissed his way to her inner thighs, then went to work on her heaving pussy. Within a minute she exploded. After that she returned the favor, taking as much of Rico's monster in her mouth as she could—at most about two inches—and sucking like mad till he blew. And this time *she took*





**NEXT ISSUE**



**ON SALE NOW**



that giant. I was relieved to hear the garage door opening just after eight that night. When she walked in, her hair was mussed, her make-up smeared, and her bra was hanging out of her purse along with the tops of her

I fucked him, just like you said, but it wasn't like you or I thought. I couldn't believe it when I saw Ernest's cock. It wasn't more than three and a half inches long, and real skinny. I got more out of him *finger-fucking* me than when

know that in her heart she loves only me and her thing for other men is just lust. So I took her in my arms, then made tender love.

About six months later Ruby had lunch with another friend, Anita. They'd gone shopping and ended up talking about nasty things. Ruby told me that if Anita's husband knew about this stuff, he'd kick her out. Anita told her she fucked around every day when her husband was at work and in the past eight years slept with over 200 men. That night Ruby was a wildcat in bed. After we screwed, she sucked me hard again, and this time I learned the reason she was so horny.

Anita had told her about a guy who moved into the area several months earlier. Her husband told her he saw this Freddy in the locker room at the gym almost daily and his dick reached almost down to his knees flaccid. I blew it off, saying he's just a little guy, and besides, even a dick that's big when it's soft doesn't necessarily get much bigger when it's hard.

Ruby stroked my dick, slowly, reviving it until she could straddle me and take me in her for the third time in just over an hour. She leaned down and pressed her breasts to my chest and we kissed passionately, leaving us breathless.

While rocking her pelvis gently back and forth on my raging erection, Ruby said a girl wouldn't have to screw the guy but it would sure be exciting as hell just to *see* a dick like that and maybe

sneak a feel. I knew then that it was just a matter of time before she had Freddy.

I knew that Freddy runs a home-electronics business, so I wasn't really surprised when Ruby came in the kitchen of our diner the next day after the lunch rush to say she was going to check on some big-screen TVs. I'd been talking about getting one before football season started. It was sure clever of her to use *me* as an excuse to meet this guy!

That night when I asked Ruby if she found a TV, she said there were more stores she wanted to check out. This was a Tuesday, so I figured if she kept looking for TVs all week, she would get her hands on Freddy's dick by the weekend.

Sure enough, while I was working a morning shift Saturday, I got a call from Ruby saying I should grab lunch and maybe have a few beers with the boys as she was having lunch with "a friend." I got home before her. She returned around three looking flushed. She dragged me up to our room and all but ravished me. I knew as soon as I felt her cunt that she hadn't had sex. Still, something had set her on fire. After 15 minutes of lusty fucking, we came simultaneously, then clung tightly to one another until my fading dick slipped out of her.

After catching my breath, I said, "Want to tell me about your lunch with Freddy?"

I felt her body stiffen and she drew a sharp breath. Her body relaxed and she said, "Did you follow me?"



**"Anita told Ruby she fucked around when her husband was at work and slept with over 200 men. That night Ruby was a wildcat in bed"**

thigh-highs and garter belt.

She said she loved me and to come upstairs, she had "some things I need to tell you." In our room she let her dress pool at her feet, then laid on the bed in just her black silk bikini panties.

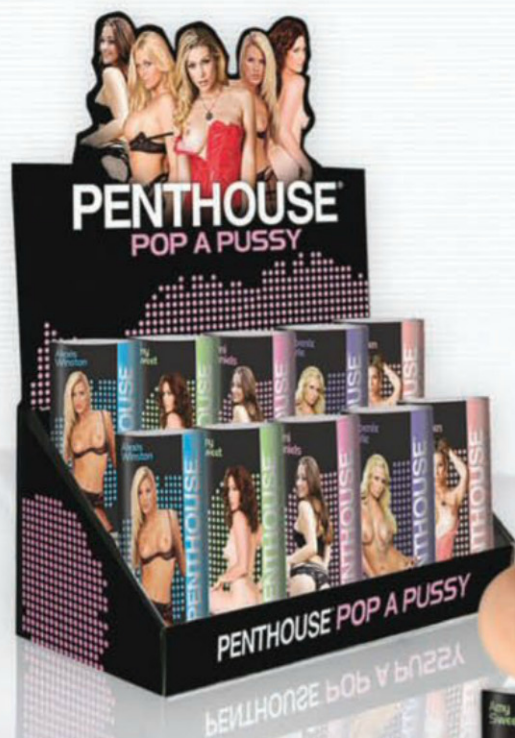
While I stripped as fast as I could, Ruby said, "Well,

he stuck it in me! I hardly *felt* it. He fucked me four times, but he was only inside me that little bit, so his jism went everywhere, making a mess. I didn't get off once."

It may sound lame, but I felt concern for Ruby, even if she just came home from being with another man. I



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I rolled up on my elbow and said, "I would never follow you, honey. I don't *have* to. I love you so, I always know what you're thinking when I'm near you."

She drew me close and we kissed. Finally she began to talk. "I was so nervous, I couldn't eat my lunch. He greeted me with a quick kiss and a squeeze of my right ass cheek, getting me hot. I said I wasn't really hungry, could we find someplace private? He led me out to

his truck and helped me in through the driver's door, squeezing my ass again, then slid in beside me.

"It seemed strange with him. I've always been drawn to much larger men, but he isn't any taller than me. He slipped his arm around me and kissed me passionately right there while sliding the other hand under my dress and fondling my wet pussy. When our lips parted, he said, 'I've wanted to fuck you ever since you walked

in my store. I get a hard-on just thinking about you.' He slipped his hand in the front of my panties and combed his fingers through my bush, then cupped my cunt.

"I said, 'I wanted to fuck you before I even met you, since I heard about your big dick and my husband told me how big it was in the locker room at the gym.' I put my hand on his crotch and found his dick stiffening down his pant leg.

"Just then a woman's voice boomed over his business-band radio. It was his wife telling him their son had run into a tree while riding his bike and she was taking him to the ER. The stiffness in his pant leg disappeared immediately. I learned later that the boy wasn't seriously hurt, but of course Freddy told me he had to go and helped me out of the truck. So that was my lunch."

"Well," I said, "could you make do with some *familiar* dick?" She could, and did!

The following Wednesday Ruby again left the diner after the lunch rush, to be home to wait for our new TV to be delivered. I didn't speak to her until I called the house about half past five. When she answered, she was obviously out of breath. I said, "I just wanted to let you know I'll be home in half an hour."

When I got there, I found Ruby naked in our bed. She rolled onto her back and kicked the sheet off, then raised and spread her legs, saying, "He fucked me all afternoon and just pulled his cock out of me ten min-

utes ago." Her cunt flowered open the way it does after sex. I saw she was a little dilated, but it didn't look like Freddy had ruined her for my seven-inch dick.

She said, "Jesus, I've never needed to have you make love to me so badly." I watched her contracting her pelvic muscles as I stripped. In seconds I mounted her and found her cunt surprisingly snug, although awash with semen.

We had sex two more times that night while Ruby told me all about her afternoon. She said that Freddy had shown up shortly after three with a young man who helped him carry the new TV in and move the old one out to the garage. Then he told the other guy to go back to the store while he hooked everything up. He made a point of telling the helper he wouldn't be heading straight back to the store, that he had an important meeting with his banker.

Freddy hooked the TV up in a couple of minutes, then said to Ruby, "I wonder if we have a little unfinished business?"

She said yes and invited him to come up and check out something she'd been wanting to show him. She said it was exciting to lead him up to the bed that she shared with me because she hadn't ever taken another man to our bedroom, so it felt kinky and naughty. She picked up her seamstress tape from her nightstand and said, "Don't let me forget to measure you, so I can see just how big



that thing I felt in your pants last week is."

Freddy told her she might want to take a look at what he had before she committed herself to going further. She dropped to her knees undid his trousers and found red boxers with an incredible bulge. She pulled the boxers down and stared wide-eyed as his big dick uncoiled like a purple-headed snake, hanging down about eight inches. As it stiffened it didn't get longer but it got a lot thicker as it rose until it was pointing up proudly at a 45-degree angle from his groin.

Freddy reached for the tape and handed it to Ruby, saying, "Here, check it out before you decide."

Ruby said she ran the tape around the thing and measured it as six and a quarter inches in circumference. Then she held the end of the tape at the base and extended it to the end of the flared purple tip, finding he had eight delicious inches.

"Like you predicted," she said, "he really wasn't any longer hard than soft, but the sight of a softy that big had my pussy creaming like crazy. And it was an inch longer than yours, not to mention a good deal thicker. Pretty aroused, I stood up and said, 'I can handle you. Just start out slow until I adjust to your size.'"

"I bent over to suck his gorgeous throbbing dick, but he stopped me. He said, 'No, not now. I'll come if you even take the head in your mouth.' He lifted my top up over my head, then cupped

my bra cups and said, 'My God, Ruby, they're as lovely as I imagined they'd be.' He stared at them and said, 'For as tiny as you are you have such nice boobs!'

"I reached back and unhooked the bra and let it slip down my arms and fall to the floor. He seemed enchanted by my boobs, kissing and fondling them for

me step out of them, then looked up and said, 'God, lady, I can smell that pussy you were talking about.' For a moment I was afraid he found the odor offensive, but he quickly added, 'Don't take that the wrong way. I love the smell of your pussy. I can't wait to taste it.'

"He tugged my panties down and groaned when he

saw my ragged pink lips. Once he had me free of the panties, standing naked before him, he buried his face in my muff. His tongue darted between my legs, licking as far back as it would reach. He strummed my swollen clitoris, making my knees so weak from arousal that I settled back on the bed, then drew my



five minutes or more, occasionally taking a nipple in his mouth and sucking it like a vacuum.

"You know that I like having my boobs played with, and it arouses me, but still, there comes a point when my cunt demands attention. So I drew his head up and said, 'Are you forgetting that I have a pussy too?'

"It was his turn to drop to his knees and undo my shorts. He slipped them down to my feet and helped

"Ruby said it was exciting to lead Freddy up to our bed because she'd never taken another man there. It felt kinky and naughty"



knees up and opened them as wide as I could.

"At first he was real good at eating pussy, but the more excited he grew, the more aggressive he became, until it started to become uncomfortable and I pushed him away, saying, 'Oh, *fuck me*, Freddy! I need your cock in me *now*!' He quickly positioned himself to enter me but paused to ask if I was on birth control. I just nodded as I hooked my heels behind his buttocks, urging him toward my pussy.

"He missed my entrance entirely on his first try, shoving his hardness between my ass cheeks. So for his second try I guided it to where we both wanted it. I was so aroused and slick, he sank in easily to his balls,

tered that I excited you so much that you blew your nut just from getting your dick in me. I know it won't be long before you're ready to go again, so just relax. We have all afternoon.'

"It wasn't more than 15 minutes before he mounted me again. This time he found my entrance easily and then pounded my pussy like a jackhammer for 20 minutes. Counting the first poke, we did it six times, and it was real good. He had me coming all afternoon.

"It seemed strange to be eyeball to eyeball with a guy. I'd never been with one my height—in his stocking feet he's also five-two—and it was kind of neat.

"Freddy wouldn't eat my pussy after he hosed me

someday she'll find the "big one" she's been looking for. —*F.A., Corpus Christi, Texas*

**Does your wife like to kick over the traces from time to time? Did you marry her because of her wild and wan-**

**ton ways, or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell us all about it! Write to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Or send e-mail to: [letters@fn.com](mailto:letters@fn.com)**

**"It seemed strange to be eyeball to eyeball with a guy. I'd never been with one my height—he's also five-two—and it was kind of neat"**

where he held dead still trying to control his excitement. Suddenly I felt his dick begin throbbing, and he went off without moving at all, dousing my pussy with steaming come. After a while he went soft and slipped out of me. He rolled over and said sarcastically, 'I'm sure I really impressed you with that outstanding performance.'

"I snuggled up to him and said, 'Actually I feel flat-

the first time, and for some reason he wouldn't let me suck his cock. I would really like to fuck him again, if you don't mind."

I told Ruby to fuck her ass off but to save her heart for me. The novelty of fucking Freddy must have faded after she'd fooled around with him for seven weeks, because she set her sights on another guy she'd heard was well-hung. I'm sure that

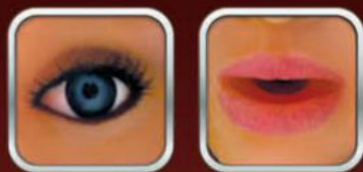




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## This adventure lends new allure to the line "Breakfast is served"

I'd been out of town for two weeks on a job that still had three weeks to go when another mechanic, Shawn, said I should stay at his house instead of paying the high price for a motel.

I said I appreciated the offer but it would probably be best if I didn't because I usually stay up late watching TV. Shawn said that was no problem. They had lots of room with all their kids out of the house. It was just him, his wife and a niece who was staying with them. It *would* put me an hour closer work, so I asked if he was sure his wife didn't care, and he said they let others stay in the past. So I took him up on his offer.

At the house Shawn introduced me to his wife Carrie and niece Jo. After dinner we were watching TV until Shawn and Carrie went to bed at half past eight. A few minutes later Jo said she was going to put something comfortable on. She came back in a cotton nightgown down to her knees. We talked a bit. She told me her company had sent her to manage their local store while the manager was on medical leave, for four to six months. We continued talking and watching till we both went to bed.

Evenings continued this way until one Friday Shawn and Carrie went to visit her mother, leaving before I got back. When I got back, Jo and I ate a pot roast Carrie



left for us. Then I went to watch TV, and Jo shows up in a tight T-shirt with no bra. (Her nipples were obvious to see.) She sat down but soon asked if I'd like a margarita. "Sounds great," I said. When she got up, I saw her white panties. I asked if she needed a hand, but she said she could handle it.

Jo returned with two large glasses filled to the top. I took mine, and she sat back down on the couch across from me. We worked on our drinks and talked. Out of the blue Jo asked me to remove the nail polish from her toenails, like her husband usually did. I said I'd never done it but would give it a try.

She went and got a small stool, cotton balls and nail-polish remover, then sat down with the stool in front of her, motioning me to sit on it. When I did, she set her right foot on my knee. I noticed that her white panties had been replaced with light blue ones. She told me to put nail-polish remover on a cotton ball and rub it on the nail till the polish was gone.

While I worked on her nails Jo told me how much she missed her husband. She'd been away from him for six weeks. When I finished the first foot, she lifted it in the air to inspect, giving me a clear view of the blue panties. She said I did a great job, then set her left foot on my knee. She had her T-shirt pushed up almost to the waistband of her panties. This 26-year-old babe sure had my 58-year-old tool standing tall.

When I finished Jo's left

foot, she left again, returning with two colors of nail polish. She asked which I liked better. I said we should use the red to match her new panties—she had changed *again*! Giggling, she said she'd had to as the others were wet. I took hold of her calves and pulled her ass to the edge of the couch, then lifted her ankles to my shoulders and tugged her panties off. I said, "This pair won't get wet." I was pleased to see a clean-shaved pussy.

I started to paint Jo's toenails red. When I finished, I stood up and sat her on the stool. She looked up at me and asked what I was up to. Saying nothing, I undid my pants and slid them down, freeing my hard-on. I took hold of the back of her head and pulled her to me. She opened her mouth, and I slid my tool all the way in. I said she shouldn't tease old men and told her I was going to come in her mouth and keep my dick in there till she had it hard again so I could fuck her wet pussy. In a matter of a few minutes I was filling her mouth.

It took about ten minutes to bring life back to that old tool, and now it was time to pound pussy. I leaned down to kiss Jo and slid a finger in her wet pussy. I carried her to her room and laid the meat to her for like 40 minutes, until she exploded.

When we woke up in the morning, I tried to see if Jo still had a few embers smoldering between her legs. As I reached between them she told me to go take a shower and she'd meet me in the



kitchen for a special breakfast.

When I got to the kitchen, *there Jo stood with nothing on!* When she saw that I had pajama pants on, she said, "The pants have to go." So I removed them and walked over to the stove. She had one pan on with warm syrup, another with melted butter and a griddle with

three pancakes cooking on it. She turned her head over her shoulder to kiss me, then said to lie down on the table. I did, then watched the pancakes on the griddle.

When they were ready, Jo took a cookie cutter and cut the centers out, then brought them to the table along with the syrup and butter. She



slid a pancake over my tool and poured warm syrup and butter over it. As the liquid ran through the center and over my balls, my tool rapidly stood tall. She did the same with the other two pancakes, then told me to relax while she ate her breakfast. I couldn't believe it!

With her first bite Jo got syrup on her nose. By the time she finished the pan-

cakes she had butter and syrup all over her face. She proceeded to lick the butter and syrup off my balls, then cleaned my dick, then took my dick in her mouth. In minutes she had me unloading in her mouth. When she was sure she had it all, she let my dick slip free, then smiled and asked if I was ready for my breakfast.

She had me fix three more

sat down, and discovered that I had applied so much syrup and butter that her ass was sitting in a pool of it. I licked her pussy clean, making her come.

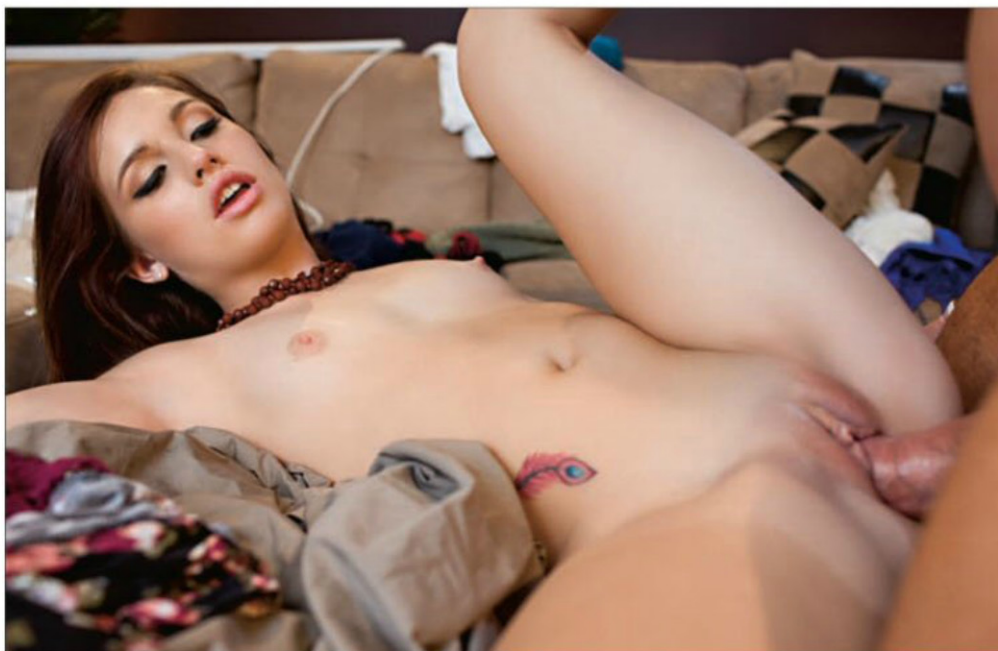
Then I licked down toward Jo's ass cheeks. When I tongued her anus, she moaned and shook. She pulled my head to her butt, and I licked and teased it. I stood up and rubbed my hard dick in the butter and syrup and placed it at her back door. When I slid the head in, she threw her legs round me and pulled herself onto my shaft. I held her that way for a bit, then pushed the last few inches in.

I reached for the pots and poured the rest of the butter and syrup over Jo's tits, stomach and pussy. I felt the liquids running over my dick and started working my tool in her tight ass. As I worked it in and out, she rubbed the sweet liquid all over, slipping one hand down and rubbing her clit. We came together.

I pulled Jo up to me, with her legs still wrapped round me. As I was carrying her to the shower, her sticky tits smashed into my chest. After the shower there was a mess to clean up—syrup and butter spread from kitchen to bathroom. It was lucky Carrie and Shawn had tile floors!

After we had everything cleaned up, Jo asked if I'd like to go with her to town while she picked up a few things. I said I also needed to pick up some stuff. I got ready and waited in the den.

Jo looked great in a halter top and short denim skirt



**"I discovered that I had applied so much syrup and butter that Jo's ass was sitting in a pool of it. I licked her pussy clean, making her come"**

pancakes, then cut the centers out and put one on each tit and one over her pussy. I applied butter and syrup to the centers of the "tit cakes," causing the nipples to stiffen, then aimed at filling the center of the "pussy cake."

I ate first the pancake on Jo's right tit, licking the liquid that ran down over her ribs and then the liquid from her tit. For the "pussy cake" I



with four-inch heels. When we went out toward her car, she grabbed my arm and said she always wanted to ride in a big truck. I told her we could make that happen and led her over to my truck.

I opened the door for Jo and helped her up the steps on the fuel tank. As she started to step inside, I took hold of her ankles and slid my hands up her legs and under her skirt, then grabbed the waistband of her panties and slid them down her legs. She turned and asked why I did that. I held them up and said that since they were black, they didn't match her toenails!

Jo stepped into the truck and slid to the middle of the seat with a foot on each side of the shifter. I climbed in and started the truck up. While it warmed up, I told her she'd have to spread her legs a bit more so I could handle the shifter—this was no sports car! She lifted her hips and tugged her tight skirt up so her thighs could part some more.

Just for fun I pushed in the clutch and shifted up into first. The shifter slid along her inner thigh out to her knee. I shifted down into second, sliding a third of the way up her thigh. I continued to third and fourth, then out to fifth, now pushing in on the inside of her right thigh, then down to reverse, sliding almost all the way up her tight skirt. The truck was built so that in reverse the shifter came so far back that they put a small cutout in the seat, about four inches.

After this tour of the gears

Jo's knees were a good foot apart. I backed out of the drive and out onto the highway. The first place she wanted to stop at was a shoe store. Inside, a young man asked if he could help us. She said she was looking for some new heels in a size seven. That sounded pretty vague to me, but after helping her take a seat (I took a seat across from her), he went in back and came out with three pairs.

He pulled up a stool in front of Jo. As he lifted her foot and removed her shoe, he froze for a moment when he noticed she wasn't wearing panties. After he placed the heels on her feet, she stood and walked about a bit. She sat back down and tried on the other two pairs, and settled on a black pair.

Next we went to Victoria's Secret. Jo got two matching nightgowns. I asked why she got two alike. She said one was for her husband's pleasure and the other for ours. She asked for the keys to the truck and told me to hurry up and get the things I had mentioned I needed because she would be waiting in the truck.

I picked up some batteries for my flashlights and went out to the truck to find Jo lying on the seat wearing one of the nightgowns. The truck sits so high that no one walking by could see in. Once I got the truck out of the parking lot and on the road, she asked if it would be okay for her to give me a blowjob, but before I could answer, she was undoing my pants and telling me her

husband would never let her do this, being that he was afraid someone might see them or they could get into a wreck.

Once she had my dick free, she sucked it all the way into her throat, taking it all in as it hardened. While she bobbed up and down, I told her she could be seen by drivers in the big rigs, since they were taller. While she worked me over, I took to rubbing her back and ass while telling her what a fine job she was doing.

While we were stopped at a red light, an 18-wheeler pulled up next to us. I told Jo she was being watched. She let my dick slip from her mouth and looked over her shoulder at the driver. He grinned and gave an enthusiastic thumbs-up. Before she went back down on me, she told me to feel how wet

she was. She separated her legs, and I sank two fingers in her. She was *very* wet.

As I worked my fingers in and out, she did the same. When my fingers went in, she went down, and when I pulled out, she came up, until just the head was held between her lips. She would run her tongue over the tip, and I would rub my wet fingers over her clit.

I pulled over on the shoulder of the road, and Jo trembled in an intense orgasm as I blasted a load into her throat. Once we both recovered, she asked how far we were from the house. I said about ten minutes. She said good, that gave her enough time to get me back up! And she started trying to get me hard again!

As I pulled into the drive, Jo told me not to turn the truck off. She turned around







**“My dick slipped between her legs till my balls rested on her ass. Her wetness ran over my balls as I pulled back. I stroked in and out till we both came”**

and put one foot on the back of the seat and the other on the steering column. I had to open my door to have enough room to get turned around. I stood on the running board and leaned in and slipped my tongue in her wet box. I sucked her clit and ran my tongue over it, then released it and ran my tongue over her pussy and licked her back door.

I went back and forth and even nibbled on her tender

lips. It didn't take long to get her going wild. She grabbed my head and hoisted me up till our lips met and we kissed. My dick slipped between her legs till my balls rested on her ass.

We broke our kiss and Jo whispered in my ear that this was also a first—she had never had sex in a car! I felt her wetness running over my balls as I pulled back. I started stroking in and out till we both came.

I carried Jo inside, and we had a great time with each other till Shawn and Carrie returned.—*Name and address withheld*

### **A young model learns what a girl has to do to make ends meet**

My little sister's friend Doreen moved to New York a year ago against the wishes of her ultra-religious family, who believe anything you do that's fun is wrong. Her dream was to be a model, and she wouldn't let anything stop her.

My sister stayed in touch with Doreen, and a year ago when I was going to New York, thinking about making a move there myself, Molly gave me Doreen's number. I gave her a call, and she invited me to her place.

Now, Doreen had always been smoking hot—tall, with long luxurious hair and a great figure. But this wasn't the same girl I knew, the person who answered the door in a tight T-shirt (no bra) and short shorts that hugged her ass and displayed her long legs. My cock twitched.

We chatted over drinks, and when Doreen went to the kitchen to refill them, I noticed a box under an end table. I couldn't resist looking inside, and found it full of men's magazines where she was seen modeling (even where she was wearing a wig, I could tell it was her)—in lingerie or sometimes totally nude! My cock was *really* throbbing now.

Doreen came back and caught me. “Oh my!” she exclaimed, and we looked at each other a long time. Then, calmly, she began telling me that from time to time she had to do “alternative” modeling—“to make ends meet.” She begged me not to tell anyone back home. Before I could answer, she said she would make it worth my while. While I looked at her quizzically, she put her hand on my aroused crotch!

While looking me in the eye, she unzipped my pants and pulled out my erection. She lowered her head and kissed the tip, then took the whole thing in her mouth. With her head bobbing, her tongue worked wonders on me, and had me coming in record time.

After Doreen had drained me, she raised her head and





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kissed me, her tongue coated with my come. Then she stood up, pulled me up by my cock and led me to her bedroom. I stretched out on her bed with my pants down, and she stripped, revealing a body better than in the magazines. Again she got between my legs, then took my cock in her hand and ran her tongue in a wet trail from my balls to the tip. My cock jerked, and soon a strand of precome was hanging down from her chin, making her smile.

Doreen parted her full lips and watched the look on my face as she sucked my cock, dipping her head all the way down to the base. Up and down her head went, and before long I went over the edge, sending another load down her throat. I thought, if only Doreen's pious parents knew what their little girl was up to in New York—modeling nude, locking her lips around men's cocks!

"Promise?" she said, with a drop of jism on her chin. I answered by working my way between her legs, locking my mouth on her sweet bald pussy and bringing her to climax. Then I got on her and entered her tight, warm pussy for a fuck that went on forever since I'd already come twice.

That was a year ago, and I've been living with Doreen ever since. I've gotten into modeling too, and now that our families have seen us in catalogs they're both proud. However, they still don't know about *all* of the modeling work we do, or the

X-rated flicks we've done. Doreen regularly makes it worth my while not to tell!—*M.F., New York, New York*

## Nothing breaks up the monotony of a car trip like car sex

Recently my wife and I took a road trip to visit relatives of hers. It was a warm summer day and Kelly was wearing loose-fitting shorts and a

T-shirt—without a bra, as usual. (Her perfectly sized and shaped breasts are so firm that she doesn't need the support.)

As we drove down the highway I put my hand on Kelly's leg and she moved closer to me. (I love bench seats!) While I caressed her thigh, she set her head back and closed her eyes. She parted her legs slightly, letting my fingers move under

her shorts until I felt her silk panties. While I stroked her through the silk, she moaned and spread her legs wider. I felt her getting wet.

After a few minutes Kelly pulled her panties aside, giving me direct access to her pussy. She loves it when I run my fingers softly up and down it. After a few minutes I slid a finger in her. Her shorts and panties were getting in the way, so she yanked them both off and tossed them in back, then lay back again and spread her legs so I could play with her gorgeous pussy. She kept on moaning, saying how good my fingers felt in her pussy.

Kelly pulled her T-shirt off and played with her tits while I played with her pussy. She pulled gently on her erect nipples and squeezed her tits together. I had a hard time keeping my eyes on the road! As we were riding, a big truck pulled up on our right side. When the trucker saw what was going on, he got a big grin. He watched my naked wife play with her tits while I played with her pussy for the next few miles. Then he gave a thumbs-up as he passed us.

Kelly was so aroused that she didn't even notice the trucker, but it wasn't by any means the first time we had someone watch us fuck. We've done it countless times in hot tubs and swimming pools where we could be watched.

Once at a party Kelly pulled me behind the bar and we fucked standing up with 20 people in the next





room. Once I fucked her in a show house with people talking downstairs. We've made love on a golf course and off the trail in a national park, and in many other public places. The idea of people watching us adds to the excitement.

But I'm getting away from my story. While we drove, I continued to play with Kelly's pussy for a hundred miles or so. My cock was aching for release. I undid my shorts and worked them down far enough to free it. Now Kelly took over stroking her pussy, and I stroked myself while I watched. I love to watch her play with her pussy! She slid her fingers in deep, and with her thumb played with her clit. Every time she got close to coming, she stopped to calm down. She said it felt so good that she wanted it to last forever. But



**“As we drove, I played with Kelly’s pussy. My cock ached for release. Kelly took over stroking her pussy, and I stroked myself while I watched”**

as soon as I told her how I could hardly wait to fuck her, she exploded!

While her body shook uncontrollably, Kelly put her hand on top of mine and held it tight to her hot pussy for a couple of minutes. When she finally began to relax, she smiled at me and said she wanted me to fuck her.

As I looked for a place to pull off the highway, she leaned over and sucked my throbbing hard-on—kissing the tip, then licking up and down the shaft, then taking me deep in her mouth.

The way she was going, I knew I couldn't last long. I pulled off the highway onto a little dirt road and parked.

I turned the engine off, and Kelly straddled me and lowered her pussy onto my rod. We fucked hard and fast, with her hot tits bouncing in front of my face. I tried to suck her hard little nipples.

With my hands on Kelly's hips, my body stiffened and I erupted in her in one of the most intense orgasms I ever had. When she felt me come in her, she began coming in her own mighty climax. She just came and came!

Afterward, she stayed on top of me for several minutes, and we recovered with my cock still buried in her. I squeezed her tits gently and kissed and sucked on her nipples, and told her for the millionth time how much

I loved her spectacular tits.

We decided we had better put our clothes on and be on our way since we were only a few yards off the highway on a dirt road leading to a farmhouse. We drove on to the town her family lives in, then to the house, but it wasn't the last time we made love in the car on that trip—in those wide open spaces with that fresh country air.

One evening we took a drive and wound up parked naked in a cornfield, where Kelly laid down on her back on the seat and I fucked her under the starlit night. The next day, when we offered to go to the grocery store, we pulled off the side of the narrow two-lane road on the



edge of town and fucked in broad daylight! I don't know if anyone in the cars driving by us noticed us.

Naturally on the long drive home Kelly was naked or nearly naked most of the way. It was one of the best road trips we ever took.—  
*G.V., Davenport, Iowa*

## Which con *doesn't* have the hots for the hottest CO in the joint?

I'm 50 and have been incarcerated for 14½ years. When I arrived here there was one female correctional officer, 25 at the time, who was a real looker—a perfectly proportioned body, long raven hair, eyes with a gleam of naughtiness. Sadly, she was always quite professional, so



**“She grasped my dick by the base and stroked it up and down. ‘Did you ever wonder how it would feel for me to do this?’ she asked. Did I ever!”**

I could only fantasize about making love to her, or just totally dominating her and fucking her brains out.

Not long ago a rumor started going around that Mrs. X was transferring to a work-release center closer to her home. Just this morning I was walking past her office—she's worked her way up over the years and is now associate warden for programs—and she mo-

tioned me to come in. I did, and asked her if the rumor is true. She said it is. “I'll miss you all, but this is a new opportunity for me, plus it's closer to home for me.” Then she said, “Lock the door. I want to talk to you in private without being disturbed.”

*Shit, this is how some of my favorite fantasies begin!*

I walked over behind her desk and stood beside her.

She smiled and licked her lips, then pulled me closer by my belt and said, “I've always known how you feel about me, and it's always made me hot! I often fantasized when my husband made love to me that it was *you*, making me do naughty things that got me off.”

As I said, “Are you serious?” she was unbuckling my belt and unbuttoning my pants. She said she could *show* me how serious she was better than she could tell me. She unzipped my fly and in one motion slid my pants and boxers to my ankles. “Mmm,” she cooed, “I knew you would have a nice big thick one!” She grasped it by the base and stroked it up and down. “Did you ever wonder how it'd feel for me to do this?” she asked.

Did I ever!

She licked all around my dickhead, then lapped at the precome oozing from my piss slit. As she licked up and down the sides of my dick, she said, “I never suck my husband's cock, but yours is so big and ripe! I've wanted to do this to you for so fucking long! I want you to fuck my mouth.”

I filled it with all of my nine inches, and when she swallowed around my girth, it felt like I had died and gone to heaven. Right away I gushed down her throat. She raised my dick against my stomach and licked it loudly, then exclaimed, “Damn, you've got some big fucking balls!” and began to suck them.

When she had my dick throbbing wildly again, she stood up and said, “I bet I



know what you'd like!" She slid out of her slacks and sat on the edge of her desk. I slid her bikini panties down her strong legs and slipped them in my back pocket. I took hold of her left leg and kissed her sexy pedicured toes, then kissed and licked my way up her leg. I set the ball of that foot on the desk, then applied the same admiration to her other leg.

As she reached down and spread her thin outer lips, she hissed, "Tell me how many times you've jerked off while thinking about me!" Her tiny clitoris poked out invitingly. She whispered, "Don't you want to lick my pussy?"

I answered by burying my face in her chestnut snatch. Juices flowed out of her thin lips, and I tried desperately to not waste a drop. I lovingly sucked and ever so lightly licked at the tip of her clitoris until she began to grind her pussy against my face. I ate her like an exotic tropical fruit, driving her wild.

My cock was so hard, it was aching. No words were needed to know what we would do next. I got up, and while I bent over and kissed her, transferring a mouthful of her juices to her mouth, she reached between us and rubbed the crown of my dick up and down her smoldering slit, then pressed it to her. Even after three kids, her pussy was as tight as any I ever fucked.

"Fuck me!" she hissed through gritted pearly-white teeth. "Fuck me, you piece-of-shit convict!" Although I knew her words were only meant to entice me to fuck



the ass off of her, in the back of my mind I thought about the many people, both men and women, who've worked here over the years that felt that way about all convicts.

I placed her ankles on my shoulders and began to drill into her with the force of a bull. She squealed in lust-filled delight. As her sheath contracted around my dick, I began to unleash the frustration I've carried for years in here. Knowing she wanted it as hard as I could give it, I let it all out. She begged me never to stop.

Venting all that pent-up rage seemed to keep me from coming. She cried, "Oh yeah, fuck me!" as her entire body bolted upright, then collapsed. She began chanting incoherently, and her glazed eyes rolled upward, seemingly into the back of her head. I fucked

her as hard and as uncaringly as I could.

I felt my own climax building until it felt like I had medicine balls in my ball sac. At that point I pulled out of her completely and ordered her onto her knees. I told her to open her filthy mouth and tilt her head back because it was feeding time and today I was feeding her!

With glazed eyes, she moaned and rubbed her clitoris, periodically slipping her middle finger in her gash. "Shoot it in my mouth!" she hissed. "Mmm yeah, spray it all over my face, you filthy convict!" She cradled my bloated balls, and as she palmed them and gently fondled them said how full and heavy they felt. I jerked off a little faster and aimed it directly in her mouth as I felt the first thick jet spiral up from my nuts.

I deliberately splashed the next two thick globs all over her beautiful face, the same way I had done in countless dreams over the years. I shot the rest in her open mouth, then worked my dick all over her face until it had a coating of my come, then fed it back between her pouty lips for her to clean off with her tongue.

"Your come tastes like lobster!" she cooed as she nursed on my deflated manhood. "I've always hated the taste of semen, but yours is like feasting on a delicacy!"

After we gathered ourselves, I asked her why she waited for her last day here to fuck me. She said because if she had given in to her desires all those years ago, I would have wound up in lockup and she would have gotten fired. Now she "finally got to sample that



# LETTERS

thick Italian sausage," and it was everything she thought it would be and more.

She told me to come back to her office for an encore at 4:30. I felt I just had to share this with someone, and since I've jerked off many times reading all the shit your readers do all the time, I thought they might like to hear about me *finally*, after 14½ years, getting to slam nine inches of cock into a chick I had fantasized about since I got here. Well, it's almost 4:30, and I don't want to be late to go one last round with my sexy little cookie!

I'll write again and share what happens this afternoon. My cookie doesn't know it yet, but her sexy anal ring is going to get fucked like she never had it fucked before, or ever will again. Hey, I got to give the slut something to remember me by! And believe me, she'll remember me every time she sits down for at least a week.—*Name and address withheld*

## What they had was so special, he still thinks of what might have been

This letter is about the absolutely most beautiful woman I ever had the luck to fuck.

I owned and operated a successful pawn brokerage, and although I was married, so many attractive women came in and flirted to get good deals on merchandise or get the maximum amount of money loaned that the temptation to cheat was just too much.

I can't count the times I closed up and took a vixen

in the back room, bent her over my desk and stuffed her like a Thanksgiving turkey or got my dick sucked because the interest on her loan was due and she didn't have the money to carry the loan over. I didn't encourage them to offer themselves up, that shit was all up to them.

One gal came in every couple weeks and I fucked her silly, and in return carried her wedding rings over till next time. I really loved when a snobbish respectable doll found herself in a financial bind and offered to *do anything* to save her stuff.

After untold years of this, she came through the door.

Her name was Honey, and she was a walking, talking wet dream. She stood six feet tall, and her legs seemed to go on forever and her hair flowed down past her heart-shaped bubble butt. Her face sent erotic chills up my spine: big, sensuous eyes, high cheekbones, straight nose, thick delectable lips. When she smiled, her dimples lit up the room.

To this day I've never seen more delicious tits; grapefruit-size and majestic. The nipples sat high on them, and her areolae when swollen were the size of quarters and bright pink, and her raisin-size nipples too. Her thick labia were the same bright pink shade, and she kept her dirty-blond mound neatly trimmed.

This woman made my heart skip beats. There was absolutely nothing I would have considered changing physically on her. Also, she was intelligent and witty.

Honey was from a gypsy family and was pressured into marrying a guy from a family that was friends with hers. Long story short, her husband and various family members landed in prison and weren't getting out anytime soon. When she came

between her legs. Her pussy was the most delicious I'd ever tasted.

"Shit," she said breathlessly, "nobody ever made me come like that!"

Although my cock ached to feel her velvety sheath wrapped around it, I wanted



into the shop crying, I melted. I gave her a job doing inventory and then, to keep her around, hired her to go over the books.

We worked side by side. One evening while my wife and kids were out of town visiting family, we yielded to temptation and I made love to every inch of her. She had to pull my face out from

to continue going down on her, so I lay back and pulled her over me in 69 position, raising my head to lick from her clitoris up to her ass crack, including her crinkled anal opening. As I tongue-fucked her ass she moaned and shook all over. Then she engulfed my cock, and the way she fondled my bloated balls drove me



crazy. I clutched her hips as we came together.

We continued to lick each other lovingly. Then, as if we had been together hundreds of times, she lay back and I mounted her. She rubbed my cock up and down her slit, and as I placed those

and out of her. I turned my head to the side and licked her pedicured, perfectly shaped toes while I power-drove her into the mattress.

"I want to feel you come inside me!" she cried, her excitement rising again. "Oh fuck, I feel your balls slap-



**"As I tongue-fucked her ass she moaned and shook, then engulfed my cock. The way she fondled my bloated balls drove me crazy"**

long legs on my shoulders, she guided my erection into her tight opening. "Easy," she said, "you're pretty thick and it's been awhile!" I licked and sucked her breasts and feverishly kissed her beautiful face, nibbling gently on her sensuous lips.

"Mmm, yeah, harder!" she cried out. "Fuck me harder!"

I began to slide fluidly in

ping against my ass!" Her sheath squeezed down and began to convulse. As she came again, I fucked her faster and harder, then buried myself in her and ejaculated what felt like a pint.

After that afternoon we fucked every chance we got and in every way we could imagine. If there was one woman I would have walked

away from my family for, it was my Honey, but she said she wasn't a home-wrecker, and while it broke my heart, I knew she was right. Sadly, we went our separate ways.

I guess it was all for the best. But I won't ever forget, or fail to be aroused by, the time I was able to spend with my perfect woman.—*Name and address withheld*

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it comes, jump on it! After you've jumped, tell us about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or you can send e-mail to: [letters@ffn.com](mailto:letters@ffn.com)



# FUCK BUDDIES

Sweet, dirty Alexis, how we love to watch  
you sucking cock, licking balls and draining  
the life out of your unsuspecting playthings!  
You are truly a sight to behold, and we are  
forever grateful for your miraculous talents.





















**That's right, baby, go on and get yours too! It's only right that you be rewarded for your efforts. Ride your way to satisfaction, and when you're ready, make him do it again!**





# SPOTLIGHT ON

## SOMEONE'S WATCHING

When her husband cheated on her, she found herself free to explore her own sexual needs—and she surely did

About 15 years ago, when I was 39 and my wife Janet was 31, we found ourselves bored with our sex lives. Though we still basically loved each other, the spark of passion was dying out. As we became more distant and had sex less often, I eventually strayed, and one day Janet came home from work early to find me pounding away on a buxom neighbor lady in our bed. Well, that was it. Janet didn't get hysterical or anything; she just packed her bags and left.

My phone calls begging her to come back went unanswered for several weeks. As I was unemployed at the time, I had little else to occupy my mind, and I was going crazy. When I found out Janet was staying at her best friend Nora's house, I started kind of stalking her there.

Janet and Nora both worked as stockbrokers for a large financial firm. I started hanging around outside Nora's house, waiting for Janet to come home, but she seemed to be keeping erratic hours. Finally I confronted her one evening as she stepped out of her car. She was a bit startled at first, and then angry, saying, "What the hell are you doing here? Don't you know we're finished?" I pleaded endlessly, but to no avail. "I've moved on, Jack," she told me. "So you'd better leave, because I need to get ready for my date."

This threw me for a loop. "You've got a damn date?" I blurted. "Who is he? What's his name?" She didn't answer, just moved past me to the door of the house. I went after her, and to

my surprise she did not stop me from following her inside. But she went into the bedroom, closing the door and locking it behind her.

Still desperately hoping I could bring about some kind of reconciliation, I sat down in the living room and waited for Janet to come out. About half an hour later she did so, asking me, "So how do I look?"

I could hardly keep my eyes from popping. My wife was wearing a very sexy red dress, which provocatively showed off a good portion of her small perky tits. To say she was showing cleavage would be an understatement. The dress was so short it barely covered her ass, and when she bent over to pick something up I saw that her beautiful, well-rounded rear was fully exposed, as she obviously wasn't wearing any panties.

She was carrying a pair of shiny red shoes with very high heels, and she sat on a sofa across from me to put them on. As she struggled to buckle the shoes, I stole a peek between her legs and caught a glimpse of her pussy. There was something different about it, and then I realized that it was completely hairless. She had never shaved her pussy before, and I couldn't take my eyes off it.

"What are you looking at?" Janet demanded. "Come over here and help me buckle these shoes." I immediately obeyed, kneeling down before her and taking one of her feet in my lap as I continued to gaze at that naked pussy.

"You like what you see, Jack?" she











**“She opened her legs and spread them as wide as she could. ‘You want this pussy again, don’t you, Jack?’ she murmured. ‘You want to lick it!’”**

said softly. Then she slowly opened her legs and spread them as wide as she could. “You want this pussy again, don’t you, Jack?” she murmured. “You want to lick it, suck it, make out with my new bare pussy, don’t you, baby?” I surely did want that, but as I moved forward on my knees she placed the flat of her hand against my forehead, stopping me. “But you can’t,” she said in a different voice. “Because I already told you, Jack, that my body does not belong to you anymore.” I attempted to move forward anyway, but she pushed my head back more firmly. “This pussy will belong to someone else tonight,” she told me. “Now finish buckling my shoes.”

A flood of new emotions came over me at that moment. Jealousy and anger were definitely among them, mixed no doubt with a certain amount of fear and insecurity, but the strongest—and strangest—sensation I felt was arousal. Why, I wondered, was my seven-inch dick suddenly so hard? My estranged wife had just told me she was going to fuck another man that very night, and the thought of it was turning me on!

“I can’t believe this,” I said then. “Are you really going to fuck this guy, whoever he is?”

She nodded. “Look, Jack,” she told me. “I am no longer the chaste and loyal wife I was a few weeks ago. This is not my first date since I left you, nor will it be my last. I guess I should thank you for giving me an excuse to find out how much I love having sex with different people. All the guys at the office are flocking around me, now that I don’t wear a ring. Nora and I go clubbing all the time now, and we seldom leave alone. I’m a different woman, Jack, and I love it. So get used to it.”

I was speechless for a long moment, after which all I could do was to repeat dazedly, “I don’t believe this!”

“Well, I’ll prove it to you if you want,” Janet said. She then stood up and beckoned me to follow her into her

bedroom. There she walked straight to the large window and opened the drapes. Outside the window I could see the patio and the pool area. “There are some nice comfortable chairs out by the pool,” she told me. “You can go out there and make yourself at home until we get back. I’ll leave the curtains open so you can watch and enjoy what happens. After all, seeing is believing.”

Holy shit! Here was another thing I couldn’t believe. My wife had just given me permission to secretly watch her fuck her date!

When the doorbell rang, announcing her date’s arrival, Janet quickly walked out, asking me to please lock the door when I left. I wanted to catch a glimpse of her date, but the front door was on the other side of the house. I waited until I heard his car driving away, and then went outside, stopping in the kitchen to get a couple of beers as I did so.

Darkness was setting in as I made my way to the patio and positioned a comfortable chair so that I had the optimal view of my wife’s bed through the window. As I sat nervously waiting, downing one beer after another, Nora, Janet’s friend and the owner of the house, suddenly appeared out of the darkness wearing a yellow string bikini. “Janet called me and told me I could find you back here,” she told me with a smile. “She thought maybe I could console you in some way. What do you think?”

Now I had never really cared for Nora, believing that her wild ways were a bad influence on my wife, although I did admire her blonde good looks and nicely proportioned body. But right then I was too busy thinking about my wife to be tempted. Instead, I started asking her about Janet, and whether the things she had told me were true.

Nora began by telling me how hurt Janet had been by what I did. “You know, she’d always been faithful to you until then,” she said. But now, she went on, my wife had discovered a new part



of herself. Yes, it was true that the two of them had picked up strange guys at clubs, and also that all the guys at their office were after Janet, and a lot of them had made it with her. "As a matter of fact," she told me, "her date tonight is her boss, and rumor has it she might get a promotion tomorrow."

I was still trying to digest all this

hands, pulled him to his feet and slowly but meticulously began to undress him. Once his clothes were off she dropped to her knees and began sucking his cock, skillfully turning her head as it bobbed back and forth, in the same way she had always blown me in happier days.

Meanwhile Nora was devouring my



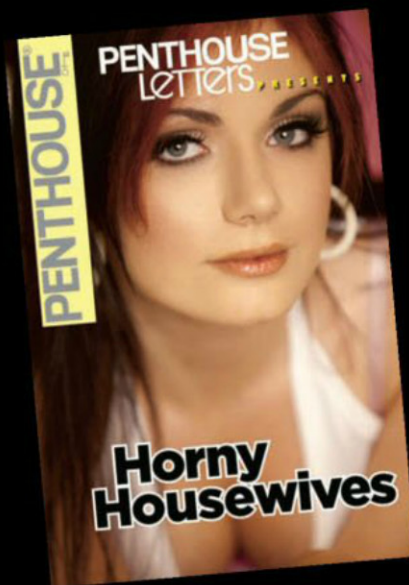
when I heard a car pull up to the front of the house, and a few minutes later the lights in Janet's bedroom went on. Through the window I could see her there with a middle-aged man who had to be her boss. The first thing she did was to walk to the window and open it. I wasn't sure if she did that to let some air in, or so that I would be able to hear as well as see what went on.

Janet then walked over to sit next to her boss at the foot of the bed, and they started making out. At that point Nora got down on her knees and began to open my trousers. I was too distracted—or too turned on—to stop her. As she pulled down my pants, my lovely wife stood in front of her boss and opened her sexy red dress, letting it fall to the floor. She then took his

cock as well, moaning, groaning and slurping in a way that left no doubt that she was enjoying it. After a few moments she rose and stripped off her bikini, with the intention of straddling me and riding my dick. Instead, I stood up and asked her to turn around and bend over so I could fuck her doggie-style, while continuing to watch my wife and her boss in action.

Janet had moved to the bed and was now lying on her back as her boss mounted her missionary-style. I watched in wonder and envy as she wrapped her long legs around his back and started pumping up and down, obviously enjoying every thrust. After a few minutes I could make out the familiar stiffening of her body that I knew from experience meant that she was about to come. I began pumping

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# SPOTLIGHT ON



**“She was out of control. I could not believe my ears when my wife, who in my experience never came more than once a night, started screaming in ecstasy”**

Nora harder and harder, as if to make myself come simultaneously with my wife, and about a minute later I heard Janet’s cry of completion as I shot streams of come into her best friend.

Nora sat on my lap as we both watched my wife and her boss cuddling in the bed. When I asked Nora if she thought the boss would stay overnight, she replied, “Yeah, probably—when they’re finished fucking.”

“You mean you don’t think they’re done?” I asked her.

Nora just smiled at me as if I’d asked a dumb question. “We’ll be here a few hours, Jack,” she finally responded. She sounded like she knew what she was talking about, and I then recalled that Nora had been promoted to senior management awhile back. Evidently she had first-hand knowledge of her boss’s sexual habits.

When the guy rose from my wife, I could see that he was very well hung. He then lay down on his back as Janet moved over him, positioning his cock at her pussy. The expression on her

face was absolutely priceless as she slowly eased his full length deep inside her. Then she started to ride him, moving faster and faster, until she was gyrating almost totally out of control. I could not believe my ears when my wife, who in my experience never came more than once a night, started screaming in ecstasy. When I remarked about this, Nora laughed again and told me that Janet was the most multi-orgasmic woman she’d ever known. I wasn’t quite sure how to take the obvious fact that other men were doing to my wife things that I never could.

Janet now proceeded to turn herself around with her back to her lover and to ride him that way, as his large hands gripped her firm, bouncing ass. Within no more than a minute she was coming strongly a third time. After that she got on all fours as he took her doggie-style. This went on for a good half hour, with them assuming various positions and my wife having orgasms at least every five minutes.





Nora had fallen asleep by then, so I stood up and placed her gently in the chair, then quietly moved closer to the window to get an even better view. I knew there was a risk of being discovered by Janet's boss, but I almost didn't care. As I crept closer, my wife lay down on her back as the man climbed on top of her, resting his cock between her boobs. Janet took her tits in her hands and squeezed them around his tool as he began to pump it back and forth. His cock was so long that the tip of it reached her mouth, something mine had never been able to do, and she sucked it strongly with each stroke.

Finally, after two and a half hours of nearly continuous fucking, I could tell that her boss was getting ready to blow his wad. I was hard again myself, and rapidly stroking my own dick. Then he came, flooding my wife's mouth. He came so copiously that great gobs of his sperm spilled out of the sides of her mouth and ran down her neck to her tits. When he pulled

away from her, Janet scooped up the excess come with her fingers and happily licked them clean. I lost it then, shooting long spurts of come that had nowhere to fall but on the ground.

For several weeks after that I did not get to talk to Janet at all; but she left her window curtains open every night, and Nora gave me a key to the house, so that I could gain entry to the patio, where I would sit and watch the action, often while fucking Nora to relieve my lust. I encouraged Nora to tell me everything about what was going on in my wife's life, and about all the men she fucked, in and out of my sight. I was obsessed. I had come to truly enjoy watching my wife fuck other men, and I looked forward to it every day.

Then one night, as I entered the house on my way to the patio, I found Janet sitting in the living room, wearing only a diaphanous robe. "Well, Jack," she said to me, "I have no one to fuck me tonight, so I'm tempted to let you watch from inside. But you'll have to be

a good boy and keep your hands to yourself."

I had no idea what I was supposed to watch, as there was no one else there, but I wasn't about to pass up this opportunity to be alone with my wife. I told her I'd do whatever she wanted, and she led me into her bedroom and took off her robe. She then lay down on her back on the bed, raised her knees and spread her legs wide, giving me a point-blank view of her wet pussy.

The next thing she did was to reach into a drawer in the nightstand and pull out two cock-shaped dildos, along with a tube of lubricating cream. One of the dildos was black, about 12 inches long and very thick. The other was red, and was smaller and thinner. As she began to lube up the black one with the obvious intent of using it on herself, my cock was already hard and throbbing, and I begged her, in spite of what she had said, to let me give her the real thing instead.

"No," she said firmly. "I'm going to have the real thing tomorrow, Jack, and these toys are going to get me in shape for that." I didn't quite know what that meant, but I was certain I would find out soon enough.

Janet then slowly worked the 12-inch black dildo into her pussy as I watched, eventually getting almost all of it inside her. Once she adjusted to its size she began to work it carefully in and out of her stretched hole. Within 10 minutes she had come at least half a dozen times. She then picked up the red dildo and lubed it thoroughly, also working some of the cream into her asshole. It took her longer to work the smaller toy all the way up her ass, but she did it, and eventually she was fucking herself in both openings, her right hand pumping the black dildo, her left hand on the red one. God, did she come! Over and over again, her moans and cries making me so hot that I shot right in my pants.

As she was resting I asked her what





**“Janet, still fully dressed, dropped to her knees as the three men dangled their stiffening dicks in her face. She turned her attention to each cock in turn”**

she had meant about getting in shape for tomorrow. Janet grinned at me and said, “If you really want to see something, be out by the pool late tomorrow night. Nora and I are meeting a couple of guys who we’ve had some fun with before. These guys have the biggest dicks I’ve ever seen, and they’ve promised to bring some of their equally well-endowed friends along. I only hope we’ll be able to handle them all.”

Naturally I was in my usual place on the patio the following night. It turned out to be a long wait, as it was well after midnight before anybody showed up. When they did, I saw the lights go on in Nora’s bedroom as well as Janet’s. The drapes had been pulled aside beforehand, and the windows opened, and I was surprised to see that there appeared to be no less than six young guys in the party, all of them quite large and solidly built.

Three of the guys followed Nora into her bedroom, the other three accompanying Janet into hers. While I would have truly enjoyed watching Nora get it on, my main focus was almost exclusively on my wife.

As soon as they were in Janet’s room, the three guys with her began to undress without a word. They were naked in no time, and sure enough, their cocks were enormous. All of them. They may not have had quite the length and girth of the black dildo my wife had sported the night before, but they were close!

Janet, still fully dressed, dropped to her knees as the three men dangled their already stiffening dicks in her face. She turned her attention to each cock in turn, licking up one side and down the other before softly lapping her tongue over and around the large ball sac, then sliding her lips up and taking as much of the huge cockhead as she could into her mouth.

After a few minutes of this the men pulled my wife to her feet and pulled off the yellow halter dress she was wearing. Naturally there was nothing

beneath it. They then placed her across the bed on her back, with her head hanging over one side. One guy stood in front of her upside-down face and slowly moved his hard dick toward her waiting mouth. She reached for it eagerly with both hands and brought it closer, then began to lick the purple head, lapping at the precome that oozed from the tip as she caressed the shaft with her hands.

Meanwhile one of the other guys had positioned himself between Janet’s lovely thighs. Sliding his hands under her buttocks, he placed his thick cock at the entrance to her pussy. Janet now began to moan, pulling the cock she was licking deeper and deeper into her mouth while arching her lower body to make it easier for the second guy to get in. When he had about half of his dick in her pussy, she pulled the first guy’s tool from her mouth and screamed out, “Oh yes! Oh, please go deeper! Oh yeah, deeper, please, deeper! Fuck me hard, fuck me with that big cock!” And he most certainly did. When he was all the way in, the sharp slapping sound each time their loins came together was almost as loud as her screams as she kept yelling for him to fuck her.

The other two guys were now jacking off as they stood over her face and tits. “Oh, bring me that beautiful cock baby!” she yelled, and the one who’d been fucking her mouth before plowed straight into it again. It was a real trip, watching my wife with these two huge dicks barreling in and out of her at each end.

Suddenly the third guy, who seemed to be the youngest of the three, shot his load all over my wife’s glorious tits. Janet seemed to be in heaven now, with one cock fucking her pussy, another in her mouth, and her hands spreading the semen of a third all over her luscious mounds. Then she started coming. Once again she pulled the cock out of her mouth and let loose a series of ecstatic, ear-splitting cries



such as I had never imagined could erupt from my wife's mouth.

Now the guy who'd been fucking that mouth asked the guy fucking her pussy if they could change places, but before he could respond Janet shouted out, "No! Not yet! I'm coming again!" She was on a roll now, her orgasms coming so close together that I could hardly tell when one ended and another began. She looked so beautiful in her sex-crazed frenzy that I just

wanted to leap through that window and fuck her with everything I had, regardless of the consequences.

Eventually Janet calmed down a bit, and the guys did switch positions, first placing her in the middle of the bed on all fours. It wasn't long before they were slamming away again, one fucking her doggie-style as the other thrust his dick back and forth between her lips. Soon she was coming uncontrollably again. The guy in her mouth

began to pump harder and harder, and when he shot down her throat she was somehow able to swallow all his jism in the midst of her convulsions.

The two guys who had already come now retreated to nearby chairs, while the other one kept fucking her from behind, going on for another 15 minutes or so as her orgasms kept coming. When finally he pulled out of her, she gave a moan of disappointment. But though she may have







## SPOTLIGHT ON



**“He began to tease her asshole with his tongue. Soon she was thrusting back against his face, begging him to stick his dick in her ass. All three guys chuckled at that”**

thought he was done, he was not. He now brought his head down and started kissing and licking my wife's ass, as her moans turned into soft purring noises. He then spread her ass cheeks and began to tease her asshole with his tongue. Soon she was thrusting back against his face and begging him to stick his dick in her ass. All three of the guys chuckled at that, and the guy behind her gave her a slap on her rear, to which she responded with a pleasurable moan.

Following Janet's instructions, he then pulled open the nightstand drawer and found the tube of gel she had used the night before. After lubing up his cock and her asshole, he threw the tube to his two friends, who smeared the stuff on their dicks as well.

Janet had never been into anal sex with me, and I was fairly surprised at the relative ease with which that long thick cock penetrated her rectum, and even more surprised at how quickly she seemed not only to accommodate herself to it, but to actually enjoy the way the thing stretched and skewered

her narrow passage. As her lover sped up his thrusts, her moans and cries grew louder and louder, until when he finally stiffened and shot his come into her ass she gave her loudest scream yet, pounding her fists on the bed, humping and bucking like a wild bronco. I came in my pants at the same time, with the sense that I had just witnessed the ultimate fucking of my slut wife.

When her moans and convulsions finally subsided, Janet raised her head to look over at the other two guys. “Okay,” she panted. “Whose lovely cock wants to fuck my ass next?” As they proceeded to take turns doing that, she frequently insisted that they spank her, which they obligingly did.

Just as the last guy came in my wife's ass, the door opened and in walked Nora, followed by the three guys she had been entertaining. Nora's delicious body was covered with a combination of sweat and semen. “You ready to switch?” she asked my wife, and Janet responded with a definite yes.





They all stayed right there in Janet's bedroom for the next hour or so, as the two ladies fucked those six guys in every imaginable position, including a grand finale in which each woman had three cocks inside her at once.

Daylight was breaking as the guys finally left. When they were gone, I went back into the house and up to Janet's bedroom, thinking that I might have lost my wife forever, but I sure did love watching her fuck! I found Janet and Nora lying on the bed, still naked. Nora was out like a light, while my wife was sitting up, sipping some wine. She smiled at me. "I figured you'd be coming up," she told me. "You want to fuck me now, right? Well, you can't. But you can lick me clean if you want." And with that she spread her gorgeous legs wide apart, showing me her

stretched, semen-dripping pussy. And I was so hard and horny, and so full of love for her after seeing what I had seen, that I obliged her, bringing her to two more orgasms before I was through.

Afterwards Janet informed me that Nora had been promoted and would be moving to another city. As she was planning to put her house up for sale, Janet would no longer be able to live there. I told her she could always move back home, and I was elated when she didn't immediately refuse. She looked at me for a long time before saying, "I can only do that on one condition, Jack. I want an open relationship. One where I'm free to fuck anybody I want at any time."

I then confessed to her that I loved watching her fuck other men, and that I

had found out that having a slut wife was a truly thrilling experience for me. So it was agreed. My wife and I were back together for good.

The night before Nora moved away, the three of us went out to for a last friendly dinner, and had too much to drink. When we got back to Nora's house, she asked us in for a nightcap, and we ended up in her bedroom. The girls told me to just sit and watch for a while, and as I did they proceeded to kiss and undress each other. Naked, they got on the bed and engaged in some 69 action for several minutes, bringing each other to climax before breaking apart. Nora then pulled out a big black dildo, similar to the one my wife had shown me, and the two of them took turns fucking each other with it. After that they finally let me join them, and we had a fantastic threesome that lasted the rest of the night. It was a fitting farewell to our good friend, but after she moved away we lost track of her and haven't seen her since.

As for my wonderful slut wife, she continued to fuck coworkers, clients and guys she met in bars. When she picked up guys in bars or wherever, she would usually take them to our house, where we had set up a hidden camera, so I could secretly watch everything they did. Then, as soon as the guy had finished and gone, she would call me in to clean her up with my mouth. This came to be a great turn-on for her, and the way I look at it, a man's got to do what he needs to do to satisfy his wife.

Today, at age 46, Janet is still extremely sexy and attractive, and she is still going strong. I long ago lost count of how many men she has fucked, how many hundreds of men have pounded her pussy and ass, how many cocks have felt the pleasure of her lips and tongue. And as time has been so good to her, I expect these pleasures to continue for years to come.—J.L., Trenton, New Jersey



# Swinging & Swappi



Pass the butter—and your wife, please

## IT JUST TOOK A LITTLE ALCOHOL TO BRING OUT THE SLUT IN HIS WIFE

My buddy Carl and his wife Gail were swingers, and I had fucked Gail on several occasions, with Carl's knowledge and consent. Carl was hoping to get to fuck my wife Sylvia in return, and I had no objection to that. The problem was that Sylvia was something of a prude, and wasn't all that wild about sex in the first place. The one thing that seemed to loosen her up was when she had too



much to drink, so one day Carl, Gail and I hatched a plan to take her out for dinner and dancing, to make her feel relaxed and see how far we could get her to go.

We had a couple of bottles of wine with dinner, and Sylvia was starting to feel pretty good. At one point I rubbed her thigh under the table, and she didn't push my hand away as she normally would have, so I took that for a good sign.

After dinner we went to a club, where we found a table next to the dance floor and ordered some drinks. When Sylvia and I got up to dance, my wife cuddled close to me and started humping my leg, so I knew the alcohol was having the desired effect. I actually fondled her breast while we danced, and she made no objection. Gail and Carl were dancing close by, and I made sure that they could see what I was doing.

After a few dances we changed partners. By this time Sylvia had had several more drinks, and was having trouble keeping her balance, so Carl had to hold her up as they danced to a slow song. She was grinding his leg between hers, and he had both hands on her ass, holding her close. When they returned to the table he had his arm around her to keep her upright and was groping her tit, but if she was aware of it she didn't seem to care.

When we left the club Carl suggested to me that Sylvia sit in the back of the car, between him and Gail, so they could go to work on her. In her drunken state, Sylvia made no objection to this unusual arrangement. I adjusted the rear-view mirror as I drove so I had a good view in the back seat. Carl had his arm around my wife as she leaned into him. When he started kissing her she protested weakly, saying he shouldn't do that, as Gail was her friend. Gail told her to just relax as she slowly lifted up Sylvia's top and pulled one of her tits out of her bra, telling Carl he should suck on it. Sylvia started to protest again, but Carl just kept kissing her and fondling her tit, while Gail rubbed her tummy, her hand moving down toward her crotch.

By the time we got to our house, Sylvia's top was completely off, and she was moaning softly. The two of them helped her out of the car, and Carl and I put our arms around her, each cupping a tit as we walked her to the house. Once inside, Gail finished undressing her, then led her to the bedroom. Sylvia











# Swinging & Swapping



was mumbling something about how she couldn't do this, it wasn't right. Gail ran a hand between my wife's legs to feel her wetness. "Your mouth says no," she told her. "But your pussy is telling a different story."

Sylvia gave up all attempts at resistance as they laid her out on the bed. Carl got between her legs, kissing her thighs and fingering her wet pussy before diving in face first. This brought loud moans from my wife as she grabbed the back of his head, pulling him tighter against her and humping his face until she came.

Gail and I quickly got undressed as we watched what was going on. Carl now moved up and slipped his fat cock inside my wife's pussy. I knew this was her first time being fucked by another guy since our wedding. She was moaning and whimpering with pleasure, and her moans only got louder when Carl told her she was his slut, and that from then on she would

**"Sylvia was mumbling something about how she couldn't do this. Gail ran a hand between my wife's legs to feel her wetness. 'Your mouth says no,' she told her. 'But your pussy is telling a different story'"**

be his to use any time he wanted. "Oh, yes!" she cried, surprising the hell out of me. "Use me, make me come with your big cock, I'll do whatever you want, just keep fucking me!"

Carl fucked her for several more minutes, but stopped just as she was approaching orgasm. He started to pull out, but she wrapped her legs around him, begging him to make her come. Carl grinned at me and told her that if she wanted to come she had to suck my cock first. When she said she

didn't do that, he just pulled out of her completely, as she continued to moan and beg.

At that point I moved up close to her, bringing my cock to her mouth. She opened up enough to take just the head of it in, sucking on it half-heartedly, until Carl told her that wasn't the proper way—she had to really suck on it and make me come in her mouth, or he would leave. Sylvia then tried harder, taking a little more of my dick, until Gail got impatient and said



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she would show her how to do it. With that she got on her knees, pulled my cock away from Sylvia and engulfed the whole thing down to the base. After a few good sucks she gave it back to Sylvia, telling her to do the same. She then started to suck on Sylvia's tit, which made her moan around my cock and start sucking for all she was worth.

Carl moved back to her then, sliding his dick inside her. Sylvia was twisting and squirming with Carl's cock in her pussy, mine in her mouth and Gail sucking on her tits. I came in her mouth, and Gail told her to swallow my jism, which she did as best she could. A minute later Carl brought her to an earth-shaking orgasm that left her panting and gasping for breath.

Gail then climbed on top of Sylvia and began cleaning up her pussy with her mouth. Sylvia was shocked at first, but soon she was obviously enjoying what Gail was doing. When Gail turned around and pushed her delicious pussy into her face, my wife reciprocated, and soon Carl and I were watching our wives twisting wildly with pleasure as they brought each other off.

Gail then said it was her turn to take on both of us guys. Carl lay down on the bed as Gail straddled him, sliding his cock inside her wet pussy, while I grabbed some lube, spread it over my dick and worked my way into her very tight ass. At one point Carl told Sylvia to get behind me and lick my ass as I fucked his wife, and she did so without hesitation. It turned out to be a great night!

After that Sylvia did become Carl's slut, and mine too, doing whatever we told her, including fucking other men and women in front of us. Needless to say, I have enjoyed the change in my once prudish wife, and I will tell you more about our sexual adventures in the near future.—*F.K., Walla Walla, Washington*

## THEY HADN'T SWUNG BEFORE, BUT ONCE THEY TRIED IT THEY LIKED IT

My wife Nora and I are in our late 40s, and have reached that stage in our lives where our children are out of the house and we have enough time and money to do more or less as we like. Nora is five feet five, with dark hair and a very athletic build. She spends much of her time keeping her luscious body in fantastic shape, and I have managed to keep fairly fit as well.

A month ago my wife received a phone call from an her old college roommate, with whom she still occasionally keeps in touch. I found it a little odd when she took the phone into another room so I couldn't hear what she was saying, and when she returned I asked her what was up. She seemed a bit hesitant, but finally told me that Amy, her friend, had invited us down to spend a long weekend at the condo that she and her husband owned in Florida. Getting out of town for a few days during the cold winter sounded great to me, and I asked her why she seemed troubled about it.

"It's not that simple," she told me. "See, Amy and her husband are swingers, and that's part of the deal if we go."

She then went on to tell me that Amy had been quite a party girl in college, and often had sex with various men in their dorm room. Nora had sometimes watched them, and had found it hot. Amy occasionally even invited her to join in, but she and I had just started dating at that point, and she didn't want to jeopardize our new relationship, although she admitted that she had been tempted.

"So you mean they want us to swing with them while we're there?" I asked her, and I must admit I was already a little turned on by the thought, although we had never done anything like that before.

"Not just them," she said. "See, they have this group who meet a couple of





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times a year for a few days of sex and swapping. There are four couples, including Amy and Dave, but now one of them has dropped out, and we would be taking their place." I could see that her face was flushed now as she told me this.

"Jesus Christ!" I said. Then I asked her, "So are you telling me about this because you want to go, or to explain why you don't want to go?"

She took a deep breath. "I—I guess I do want to go," she said. "But how do you feel about it? I mean, I'm pretty sure it won't bother me to see you with someone else. And we can start slow," she added hastily. "I mean, Amy told me there's no pressure or anything.

**"The fact was I had often had fantasies about seeing my wife with another man's cock up her pussy, or in her luscious mouth. But all I said was that a little variety might be good for our marriage"**

But of course if you don't want to . . ."

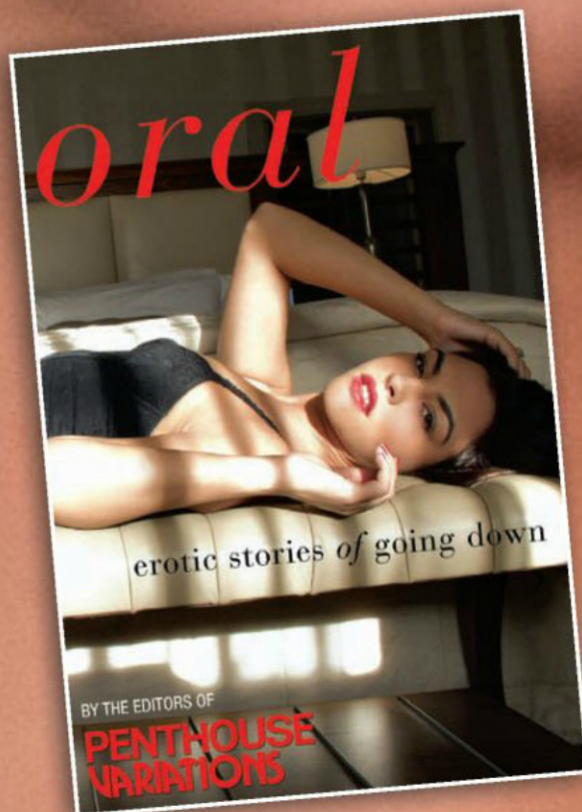
I pretended to be more objective than I was. The fact was that I had often had secret fantasies about seeing my wife with another man's cock up her pussy, or in her luscious mouth.

But all I said was that I didn't have any objections, and that actually a little variety at this stage of our lives might be good for our marriage. So we finally agreed to accept the invitation, after which we headed to the bedroom



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for the most intense sex we'd had in years. Nora's pussy was drenched as I worked my seven-inch dick in and out of her, and she came within minutes, with me not far behind her.

Nora and I were the last couple to arrive at the condo, and I was surprised at how luxurious the place was. It was quite large, with four bedrooms, a fireplace and a private balcony with a hot tub. We also found the other couples quite pleasant. Dave and Amy, of course, were about our age, but the others were a bit younger, in their mid-to-late 30s. Mike was a solidly built dark-haired guy, while his wife Elsie was a hot little blonde with fake boobs. Somewhat to my surprise, the third couple, Neil and Joy, were black. They were both athletic-looking, with slim but solid frames. Everyone was extremely nice to us, and we felt as though we fit in from the start.

Nora and I were shown our room, where we unpacked. Nora told me she was impressed with the men, but that she was a little nervous and wanted to take it slow the first night, just to make sure we were comfortable with the whole situation.

After dinner that evening all the couples lounged around in the living room, making small talk and catching up with each other's lives. The women were all provocatively dressed, and I got very excited just thinking about fucking them all. As it got later, and people began to pair off and slip away to the bedrooms, Nora and I went to the kitchen and had another glass of wine. She told me she felt quite comfortable with everyone, and that she did want to participate, but still thought it was a good idea to wait until the next day. However, she said she might want to watch a little that night, as Amy had told us one of the rules was that doors were always left open, for just that purpose. I told her I couldn't do that, as I was already so aroused that I would probably come in my pants.

I went off and got ready for bed, but after 15 minutes or so I went to look for my wife. I found her standing in the dark hallway, looking into one of the bedrooms. She saw me and motioned for me to be quiet.

As I crept up to the open door I could hear moaning and the sound of bodies slapping together. Looking into the room, I saw Neil's dark body crouching on the bed, with Amy, on her hands and knees, taking his cock from behind. His large hands were on her hips, pulling her back and forth over his long thick dick. The contrast between his dark body and her creamy one was striking. Nora stood mesmerized as she watched her friend getting fucked by this powerful stud. Then Neil moaned and gave an especially violent thrust as he came deep inside her. At that point Nora and I tiptoed away and hastened to our bedroom.

"That was so fucking hot!" Nora exclaimed when we got there. My

climaxed with a shout as she ground her loins into my face.

As her orgasm subsided I suddenly noticed Mike watching us from the doorway, wearing only his shorts. A second later Nora saw him too, but to my surprise she didn't seem startled or embarrassed. Mike just grinned at her and said, "Nice ass!"

"Thanks," she said, smiling back at him. She looked down at the bulge in his boxers and motioned for him to come into the room. "You know, you remind me of my first boyfriend," she said. "He was pretty hung, and it looks like you are too." With that she reached for his shorts and pulled them down, and out sprang a thick cock that would make any man proud. "Very nice," Nora murmured. Then she pushed him back on the bed and began stroking and kissing that big dick. She soon had the head in her mouth as she pumped his shaft with her hand, looking up into my eyes as she serviced him.

**"She pushed him back on the bed and began stroking and kissing that big dick. She soon had the head in her mouth as she pumped his shaft with her hand, looking into my eyes as she serviced him"**

cock was throbbing, and I began getting undressed, presuming that I was about to fuck my wife. But then she said, "Listen, I hope you don't mind, honey, but I don't want you inside me right now, okay? I want to keep it for one of the other guys. But God, I'm so hot. Just lie down on the bed, okay? Please?" Somewhat reluctantly, I did as she asked, and she swiftly pulled off her panties and straddled my face, nearly smothering me with her very wet pussy as I ate her out. She soon

After a minute his body tensed, and I watched with fascination as my wife allowed him to come in her mouth, swallowing every drop. Mike thanked her and remarked that the weekend was off to a great start. He then kissed her and left the room.

Nora smiled at me then. "Did you like that, baby?" she inquired. "Did you like the way I handled that nice thick cock?" I just nodded. Nora then kissed me passionately, sticking her tongue in my mouth. "Do you like tast-



ing another man's come in my mouth?" she asked me. "Just think, tonight you get sloppy seconds from my mouth, and tomorrow you can get them from my pussy." She then went down on me and sucked me so erotically that I exploded in seconds. As Mike had said, the weekend had indeed started off great.

Amy was making breakfast as we walked into the kitchen the next morning. "Good morning," Nora said to her, "Are you able to walk after that pounding you took from Neil last night?"

Amy smiled and replied, "He is something, isn't he? You should definitely try him out for yourself."

"Oh, I intend to," Nora replied, and my cock stiffened at the thought.

Later that morning I made a trip with Elsie to pick up some supplies, during which she informed me that Mike had told her all about the night before, and what a great cocksucker my wife was. She said she hoped that she and I would have a chance to get together, and I told her that was definitely in my plans.

When I went up to change after returning to the condo, I saw Dave leaving our bedroom. He smiled at me as we passed in the hall. Inside the room I found Nora lying naked on the bed. "Man, every one of those guys is really hung!" she said. "Are you ready for those sloppy seconds now?"

I was a little taken aback at her aggressiveness, but I quickly began to undress. "No, baby," Nora told me. "Remember, I only want the other guys inside me this weekend." She then told me to get on the bed like last night, and when I did she again straddled my face and lowered her freshly fucked cunt to my mouth. "That's it, baby," she moaned as I began licking her. "Oh yeah, that feels good. You know, Dave's big cock was just in there fucking your horny wife's cunt. Do you like tasting his come, sweetie?" I just kept lapping at her as she went on, "You know, Neil's is the



only guy I haven't had yet, but I bet you're going to love watching him fuck me with that big black dick of his. Maybe I'll let you fuck me after he does, to see how much he stretches me out." My whole body was throbbing with lust by the time she climaxed, and when she went down on me again I erupted almost the minute her lips touched my straining dick.

That night I was not surprised to see Nora approach Neil and go off with him to his bedroom. I wanted to go with them, but I was distracted by Neil's wife Joy, who asked me if I'd like to make it with her. Much as I craved seeing her husband with my wife, this was an offer I could not refuse. In my enthusiasm I actually picked her up in my arms and carried her to our room, with her giggling all the way. Once we got there we soon got naked, and I admired her dark muscular body. She had hard black nipples with large areolae, and her pussy was completely shaved and wet with anticipation. I first

brought her to orgasm with my mouth, then immediately mounted her and made her come twice more before I finished. We showered together, and then went out and sat in the hot tub. When she got up to get me another drink, watching her high black butt and well-toned legs brought my cock back to attention, and I fucked her again on the edge of the tub.

After that she asked me if I wanted to join our spouses, and I nodded eagerly. In their bedroom we found my wife lying on her stomach, with her head between Neil's legs, sucking on his massive dick, which was only semi-hard. She smiled at us as we came in, and explained that she was trying to get him ready for one more round of sex.

"Let me help you," Joy replied. I expected her to join my wife in sucking his dick, but instead she moved to her husband's head and began talking into his ear.

"That pretty white woman wants you





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to fuck her again, honey," she murmured. "Look at her sucking your big cock. I bet her pussy was tight when you fucked her before, wasn't it?"

Not only was this talk getting Neil hard, it was getting me hard again as well. Joy noticed, and told him to look at me, "Even her husband wants to see you fuck his pretty white wife with your big black cock," she told him.

Neil was soon fully erect, and now he rolled Nora up onto her hands and knees, then got behind her and inserted his now rigid tool deep into her cunt, thrusting at her with hard rhythmic strokes. "That's it, baby," Joy encouraged him. "Fuck that white pussy good, give her what she wants."

Nora moaned over and over as her lover's huge dick plowed in and out of her. Joy had her hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy as she watched her husband give my wife more cock than she'd ever had in her life. Finally he erupted inside her with a series of groans, shooting his come deep inside her body. Nora screamed with pleasure and then collapsed on the bed, with him on top of her.

After a few minutes Neil rolled off her and went into the bathroom to clean up. At that point Nora rolled onto her back, spread her legs and looked me in the eye as she panted, "Now you can fuck me."

I was on her in a second, thrilling to the feel of her loose, dripping, well stretched pussy. In less than a minute I had shot my load after Neil's, our combined jism running out of her to puddle on the sheets as I pulled away. Joy then moved down and lovingly cleaned off my wet sticky cock with her talented mouth.

That weekend ended all too soon, but it changed our lives. Before we left, Amy asked us if we would like to become a permanent part of the group. When I asked Nora if she would like that, she just smiled brilliantly and replied, "What do you think?"—*S.F., Springfield, Illinois*



**"When I moved between her legs, my cock slid effortlessly inside her wet pussy. We made love like animals, and she came twice more before I poured my semen deep inside her"**

## **HIS WIFE'S CRAVINGS WERE MORE THAN HE COULD HANDLE ALONE**

My wife Jan and I have been married for four years now, and had our first child just 10 months ago. The birth of our daughter affected Jan in a couple of interesting and unexpected ways. First, after exercising vigorously to lose the weight she had gained during pregnancy, she went further, and managed to get herself back into the sexy shape she'd been in when we first met—except that her boobs remained

at least a full size larger, which made her curvy 28-year-old body look more smoking than ever.

The other change I noticed was that Jan became much more sexually aggressive, and seemed to want to make love as often as possible. When I mentioned this to her one night, she said she thought her hormones must have changed or something, because now she seemed to crave a hard cock inside her all the time.

One day I came home from work



early and found my wife stark naked and lying face down on our bed as she rode a very thick 12-inch-long dildo as if it was the real thing. I was doubly surprised at this sight, as Jan had always told me that my seven-inch dick satisfied her completely; but this thing was much longer and at least a third as thick as my cock. It was freakin' huge!

She was so lost in what she was doing that she hadn't heard me come in, and for the next 10 minutes I watched as my wife had four very intense orgasms with her new toy. All the time she did it she was moaning obscenities and gasping about how wonderfully full her pussy felt.

When she finally removed the dildo from her cunt with a loud sucking sound, she rolled over and saw me standing in the doorway, with a raging boner in my pants. All she said was, "Make love to me," and I was out of my clothes in seconds. When I moved between her legs, my cock slid effortlessly inside her wet pussy. We made love like animals, and she came twice more before I poured my semen deep inside her.

Afterwards, as we cuddled, she admitted that she was constantly horny these days, and that she now masturbated several times a day. We talked for a while about the changes that had come over her, and at one point I remarked that it looked as though she was craving a bigger cock than mine. She was silent for a few moments, but then nodded and reluctantly admitted that that was the case. She said she was sorry for having those feelings, because she loved me dearly and didn't want to hurt me. Before I could say anything in reply, she swung her body around and eagerly engulfed my entire cock with her warm mouth.

After a few moments of watching her head bobbing up and down on my shaft, I pulled her body on top of mine so that I could eat her pussy

while she sucked me. As I began licking her labia she began to moan with pleasure, and spread her legs wide to give me free access to her very wet snatch. I then reached for the huge dildo she'd been playing with and brought it to her opening. As I started to push it into her she gave a cry of passion, and the cries got louder and louder as I pushed the thing deeper into her body.

When it was about three-fourths of the way inside her, Jan shrieked as her body began to shake violently. I began thrusting the dildo strongly in and out of her, which seemed to prolong her orgasm for a long time. The feel of her spasming body, along with that of her mouth sucking really hard on my cock, caused me to shoot my load into her receptive throat. I have no idea how she was able to swallow all my come while in the midst of a violent orgasm, but she did.

For the next few days I thought about what Jan had told me, and then one night I sat her down to discuss what I wanted to propose. I told her I loved her more than anything in the world, but that I wanted her to be happy. I said that since she was obviously not getting all the sex from me that she needed, and since she admittedly needed a larger cock than mine to satisfy her, I proposed that she sleep with other men for as long as those cravings persisted.

She stared at me with bulging eyes, as if she couldn't believe what I was saying. "You would allow me to sleep with other men?" she asked incredulously. I replied that I would do anything to make her happy. What I did not tell her then was that the idea of her making it with some hugely hung stud actually excited my curiosity and aroused my lust.

I told her that I had been doing some Internet searches, and had found a couple of swingers' groups in our area, and that if she was up for it, I thought we should contact them

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then hurried home to prepare for the party. When she came out of the bedroom I just about fell over, and my dick got instantly hard. She was wearing an extremely short black leather miniskirt and a red lace body suit that was nearly transparent. Her shapely legs were bare, and she had on a pair of red four-inch heels. I could hardly keep my hands off her, but she pushed me away, saying she didn't want to spoil her appearance.

As we drove to the party, Jan kept rubbing my boner while telling me how much she loved me. I had to use all my will power to stop myself from coming in my pants.

We pulled up in front of a large, sprawling ranch home at exactly nine o'clock. I could tell that Jan was really turned on; her breathing was rapid, and her face was flushed. When I rang the doorbell a handsome man of about 35 greeted us with a big smile and introduced himself as Sam, the

same to me. Sam's wife, a voluptuous dark-haired woman named Lily, made us drinks while Sam explained that all sexual activity was strictly voluntary. Anyone could approach anyone, but the person approached had the right to say no at any time.

Shortly thereafter Sam and Lily led the group downstairs, where we found a large, lavishly appointed rec room with a fireplace, numerous chairs and couches and a number of large mattresses placed around the floor. Soft music was playing through the speaker system, and the lighting was dim. I noticed an assortment of sex toys lying on a coffee table in the center of the room.

People immediately started undressing and pairing off. It wasn't long before a man came up to Jan and took her hand to lead her to a mattress. She blew me a kiss, and I gave her a reassuring nod as she went with him. A moment later Lily,

and see how it went. Jan sat there in rapt attention while holding my hand tightly, and when I asked what she thought of my idea she gave me the most passionate kiss of my life. Then she said, "Oh God, fuck me now, honey, because I love you so much I can't stand it!" We then rushed into the bedroom and had one of the wildest nights I can remember.

The next day I sent e-mail letters to the two groups I had selected, along with photos of Jan and me, one of which showed my wife wearing a miniskirt and sweater that showcased her magnificent body. I heard nothing for several days, and then finally one of the groups replied with an invitation to attend one of their get-togethers the following Friday.

That night my wife was again a wildcat in bed, and we made love so many times that I had a hard time getting up in the morning to go to work.

That Friday Jan took our daughter over to her mother's for the night,

**"People immediately started undressing and pairing off. The room was soon filled with the sounds of moaning, as well as grunts and gasps and the unmistakable noises of fucking and sucking"**

host for the evening. He led us into the living room, where a dozen or so people were drinking and talking. Some were older than we were, some younger, but the men were all handsome and fit, and the women were without exception, attractive. Though most of the women were dressed provocatively, I was proud to note that every man there was staring at my wife as we came into the room.

Introductions were made, and each man came up to Jan and kissed her on the lips, while the women did the

the hostess, came over and led me to another mattress.

"First time ever?" Lily asked me as we sat down. I nodded, and she smiled and told me not to worry, because everyone would be gentle with Jan—unless she indicated a desire for something else. She then gave me a kiss that would have melted snow in the Arctic winter.

The room was soon filled with the sounds of moaning, as well as grunts and gasps and the unmistakable noises of fucking and sucking. I



kept glancing over at Jan as Lily and I started making out. It wasn't long before her body suit and skirt were off, and the guy with her was starting to feast on her turgid nipples.

A few minutes later, while Lily and I were eating each other, I heard a familiar wailing sound that I knew came from my wife. As I looked over to see what was going on, Lily pulled her mouth off my dick to say, "It looks like your wife likes Ron's big cock. He's got ten inches of pure love meat, but wait until she gets a taste of Kit's huge thing. He's even longer, and he's as thick as my wrist. I'm sure he'll get around to her, because all the guys like new meat. Your wife will be very popular tonight." She then went back to sucking my cock, and I resumed eating her pussy while listening to Jan's wails and moans.

When Lily and I started fucking, I looked over and saw that Jan was still on her back, enthusiastically enjoying Ron's cock, but that there was another guy now feeding a very long thick cock into her mouth. I assumed that this was Kit, and that turned out to be the case.

Lily was right; Jan was the center of attention that night, because all the guys wanted to sample the new girl, and they couldn't seem to get enough. Nor could she. Every guy fucked her at least once, and she orgasmed with them all. When she fucked Kit's cock the room was filled with her screams and shouts as she came again and again. She was also double-penetrated numerous times, and she loved it.

As for me, I bedded five different women that night, and although I couldn't measure up to Kit and Ron, nobody had any complaints about the size of my dick.

At around one in the morning, Jan came over to me and asked if I was okay with what was happening. I smiled and kissed her, telling her I was fine. She smiled back and said, "Then make love to me." I got on my back

and she rode me cowgirl-style, her lovely boobs dancing about as she bounced up and down on top of me until we both came.

After that, Jan took another crack at Kit's big cock while Sam took her ass. She came several times, and each time she did, everyone knew it. Watching her fuck them got me hard again in no time, and I knew that things would never be the same for either of us after this.

When Sam and Kit moved on, a busty redheaded woman named Iris, who happened to be Kit's wife, crawled over to Jan, holding a two-headed dildo in her right hand. They stared at each other for a moment, and when Jan smiled, Iris moved up to her and they started kissing each other.

I knew Jan had never had a girl-girl episode, so I sat watching in fascination as they really got into it. They kissed several times, and then Iris sucked my wife's breasts for a minute or so. Then they quickly moved into a 69 position and began licking each other's pussy with a vengeance until they both came.

Then Iris turned around and smiled again, saying, "I've been wanting to do this to you all night long." With that she pushed one end of the two-foot long dildo into her pussy, then crawled between my wife's legs to bury the other end in her cunt. She then lay flat on top of her, and the two women started humping each other wildly, moaning and kissing at the same time. They quickly worked themselves into a frenzy, which ended with both of them coming explosively.

When the party ended, Sam and Lily told us that everyone was happy that we had come, and that they hoped we would be back. I told them I was pretty sure they could count on that.—D.N., Trenton, New Jersey

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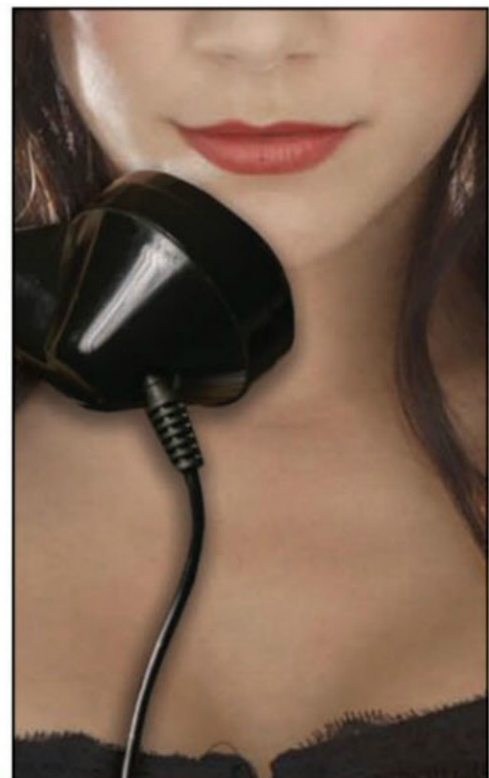
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**1-800-TO-WHORE**

\*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only A014

**HOT & DRIPPING WET!**

**ONLY 89¢ PER MIN**

**LIVE! 1 on 1**

**1-800-TO-WHORE**

Adults 18+ only + Small \$3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone A023

**\*TEENS READY TO FUCK!**

**ONLY 89¢ PER MIN**

**LIVE! 1 on 1**

**1-800-TO-WHORE**

\*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only A020

**HOT WET XXX SEX!**

**ONLY 89¢ PER MIN**

**LIVE ONE-ON-ONE**

**1-800-TO-WHORE**

\*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only A024

**DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL... WANTS TO RIDE IT!**

**ONLY 89¢ PER MIN**

**1-800-TO-WHORE**

\*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

A026

**ONLY 89¢ PER MIN**

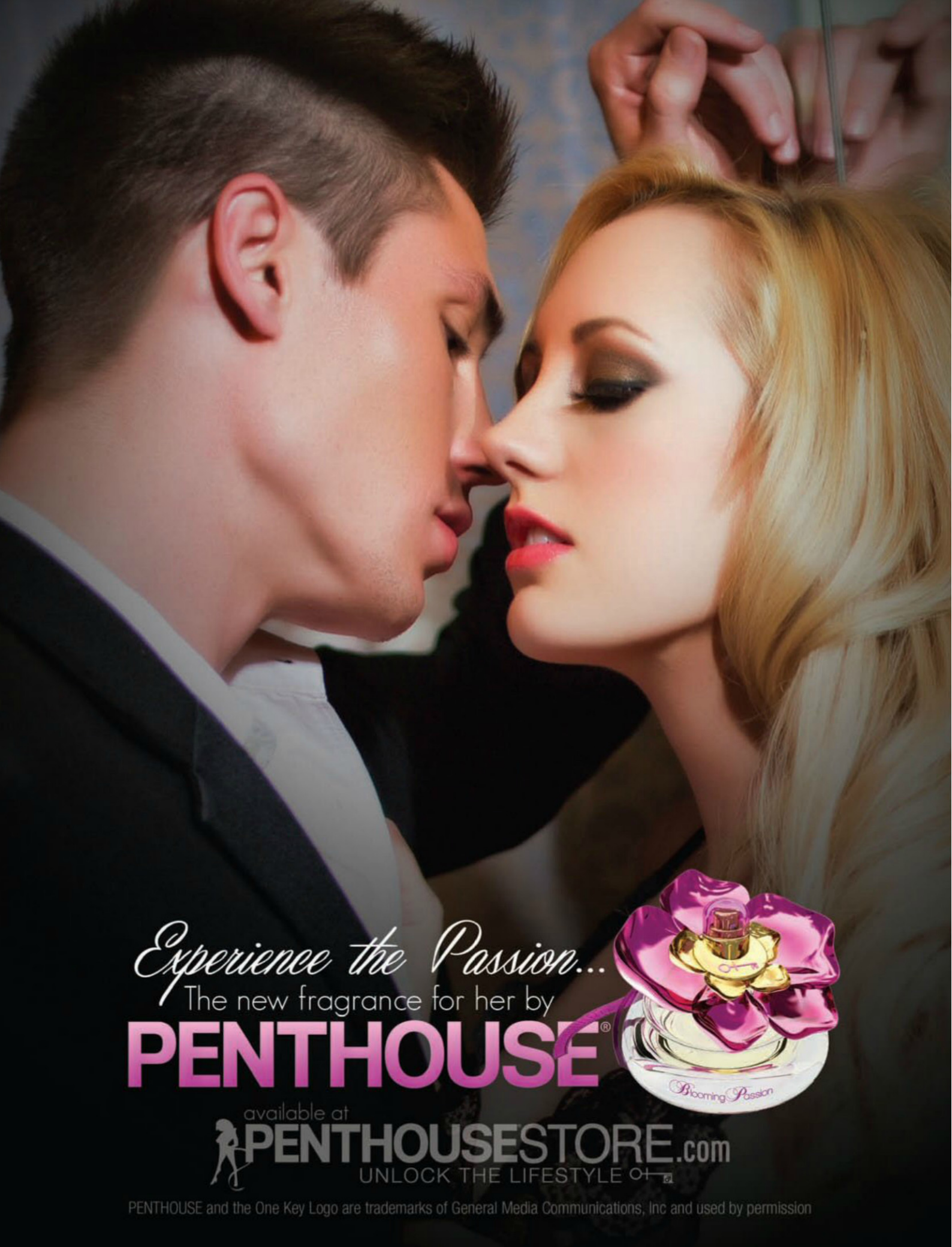
**\*CUM & FIND OUT HOW NAUGHTY I'VE BEEN!**

**1-800-TO-WHORE**

**LIVE! 1 on 1!**

A021 \*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only





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